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THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From the Woman's Advocate for July.

A FRIEND in Rhode Island writes to us that there is a wide opposition to the Fifteenth Amendment among the advocates of Women's Rights; especially among those who have not been trained in the Anti-Slavery cause. The fact does not much surprise us. It is sad indeed. For the Women's Right's movement is essentially a selfish one; not disinterested as the Anti-Slavery cause was. It is women contending for their own rights; the Abolitionists toiled for the rights of others. When women emphasize this selfishness by turning aside to oppose the rights of others, it is, in truth, no generous spectacle.

Still their lack of breadth does not surprise us. Education in reform is such a slow process, simple faith in absolute right is so very rare an element, that it is natural beginners should be confused by the crafty demagogues about them and shrink from what seems such a perilous step. A little experience and a more profound consideration will, we believe, lift them to the level of a full faith in principles.

What is the Fifteenth Amendment? It runs thus:

ARTICLE 15.—The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

SEC. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The form is unexceptionable. If the thing sought is good, the language used could not be better. There is no word "*male*" (odious to us all, in laws and constitutions) to be found here. Wherever and whenever women vote it will protect their rights as fully as those of men, and be as valuable to them as to men. The object sought is to oblige the States to allow black *persons* to vote on the same conditions that white *persons* do. As men only are now allowed to vote, of course the immediate effect will be to oblige the States to allow black *men* to vote just as white *men* do.

This is *all its effect*. The talk about its giving the vote to Chinamen, Irish, Germans and other "ignorant foreigners," is wholly out of place. It does not admit one such to the ballot-box; does not affect them in any way. Such men are excluded from the ballot-box, until they are naturalized, on account of their *birthplace*, not on account of their *race*. These are totally distinct elements. It is *foreigners* not *races* (excepting in the Negro's case) that we exclude from voting.

Race means *blood*. Nationality means *birthplace*. Englishmen are men of a dozen *races*, all *born* in England. *Americans* are made up of a score of *races*, all *born* here. All *races* here are equal, all Americans vote,—except the black. The object of this Amendment is to abolish that inequality. A Jew born in New York does not change his race: he is still a Jew. This Amendment provides that he shall not, *on account of his race*, be denied his vote. A Jew born in Paris is still a Jew in race. He cannot vote, however, till naturalized, because he is a *foreigner*. This Amendment does not hasten his right to vote at all, does not in the least change his present rights as to voting. So of all other foreigners—Irish, Chinese, and the rest.

Let us omit therefore all this idle talk, which only confuses the question at issue. The whole object of this Amendment is to prevent a person's being shut out from voting because he is a Jew, or a Celt, or a Negro. Its immediate effect will be to prevent negro men from being forbidden to vote.

What then is the objection to it? We are told that if these negro men vote they will tyrannize over their wives just as white men do; and that so large an ignorant class voting, will make it still more difficult to get woman's right to the ballot recognized. Suppose all this were true—what then? Does it authorize us to resist the recognition, by Government, of the negro man's right to vote?

A man has the same "inherent, unalienable" right to vote that a woman has. We humbly presume that the marvellous progress of these last few months has not upset that principle, or produced any woman so terribly in earnest as to deny it.

If that be so, is there any intelligent reformer prepared to maintain that we have a right to deny to any human being his, or her, *natural rights* because we fear he, or she, will misuse them? I should like to see the Abolitionist, of thirty years standing, who will look his own record in the face and maintain such a proposition. All history laughs at it. The Pope said, "I cannot allow men to read the Bible, each in his own language and pick out his own faith—the 'right will certainly be misused.'" Tories say, "we cannot let poor and unlearned men vote, 'they will misuse the right.'" What said the Declaration of Independence to that? The Episcopalian said, "I cannot let the Catholic vote, 'he will misuse it and harm me.'" What said O'Connell to that?

Slaveholders said, "the black has a right to liberty, but we cannot recognize it, 'he will misuse the right.'" Ask the last thirty years and the war how God answered that. Capital says to the eight hour men—"Yes, an immortal being has a right to some leisure to prepare for this life and the next, but I cannot recognize it, 'he will misuse it.'" What do we reply?—"Recognize your fellow man's natural rights—those God gave him—aid him, as you can, to use them wisely—but leave him, at last, responsible to God alone for their use—'art thou thy brother's keeper?'"

If the negro man should therefore, in his ignorance, misuse *his right* and delay woman's recognition many a year, we are not authorized *on that account*, to forbid Government to recognize his natural and inalienable right to vote; that is, to oppose the Fifteenth Amendment.

It was one of the great promises of MAGNA CHARTA, extorted from the King by his Barons, that he would "neither *delay* nor refuse Justice." God lays the same duty on all of us.

We were not sent into the world responsible that negroes, or any other race, should behave themselves. But God will hold us responsible if we presume to deny to our fellow man any of his natural rights.

Fashion—woman's realm—was one of the strongest bulwarks of slavery; sometimes equal to Church and State combined. It is to-day the special bulwark of negro hate. *Woman* could extinguish that scourge in half-a-dozen years. Suppose twenty years ago when fashion laughed at us, it had been proposed to give women the vote and that Abolitionists had cried out "no—we've enough to convert now, selfish merchants and bigoted church-members; do not throw contemptuous and silly women into the scale. It is an 'infamous' proposition." Should we have been justified?

But leaving this argument with those who recognize and fully trust all God-given rights, let us come down to those who settle this question by reasons of expediency.

Those friends say it is not wise to recognize these rights piece-meal. The Amendment is faulty because it does not cover the whole ground, man and woman's vote too, all that relates to voting. Well then, here is Mr. A——, he believes the vote is a snare and a strengthening of the Aristocracy unless every voter is secured a homestead, his natural right. Here is Mr. B——, he believes voting only plays into the hands of Capital, unless our whole system of finance is changed and Government allowed to issue paper money at discretion, without interest. Here is Mr. C——, who believes no drunkard should be allowed to vote and no convicted criminal, as is sometimes the law abroad. Here is Mr. D——, who believes the whole method of choosing the Senate is a violation of natural right.

Shall we wait till the whole country gets educated up to all these ideas and make no change till we can settle the subject in its whole breadth? Absurd. Man gets forward step by step,—the recognition of half a truth helping him to see the other half. First we had individual liberty, then separate property, then right of inheritance, then freedom of opinion, then freedom of speech, then voting: thus, one by one, ray by ray, men got able to bear the full light of day. In what order these steps shall be taken,—which first, which second—is God's ordaining, not of our plan. Every change large and distinct enough to serve as a point upon which to rally the nation, should have a separate discussion and be decided by itself. This is the most economical and speediest method of reform. Every other method, mixing up separate issues, is like good Davie Deans' attachment to the Scottish Covenant. From his sick pillow he asked if the Doctor had subscribed the Covenant. "That's no matter now, father," said his child. "Indeed it is," cried the old Covenanter, "for if he has not, never a drop of his medicine shall go down the stomach of my father's son."

In the present instance this great rule holds. We have drawn the weight so far up; fasten it there; and thus get a purchase to lift it still higher. There have been several different tests excluding men from voting in this country. Church membership, property, book-learning, race, sex. The first we have got rid of everywhere. The second is almost gone, except in obsolete corners like Rhode Island. Book learning is fast vanishing as a test. The abolition of each one has helped to get rid of his comrade. Race and sex alone are left. Abolish the first and you will clear the ground and simplify the question. It will leave the naked, bare, intolerable and illogical test of sex so monstrous as it stands isolated, that it will almost topple over of its own weight.

No doubt the ignorant prejudice of the working class is one of the great obstacles to the recognition of Woman's Rights. Some over-sanguine advocates seem to forget this, and imagine that when a Legislature is carried the work is mainly done. Not so by any means. When the first line of the enemy's works,—the Legislature,—is carried, there remain two behind—the Church and the laboring class. Whether the Church line will contest the fight remains to be seen. It looks sometimes and in some places as if it would not. But there's no trustworthy evidence on that point. The working men will, without doubt. And with that whole class the same thorough and weary work is to be done as fell to the lot of the Abolitionists between 1830 and 1850, with the mass of the Nation; patient lecturing, line upon line, precept upon precept, "without haste, without rest." But the enfranchisement of the negro need not give us the alarm which Democrats, masquerading in Woman's Rights uniform, try to create.

This reform,—woman's voting,—will never probably be carried by national action. It will be granted State by State. Slavery would have been abolished so but for the war. It was the "war power" which brought and enabled the Nation to kill slavery. Abolitionists looked forward to the peaceful action of successive States. This will probably be the course relative to woman's voting.

The addition therefore of seventy thousand black votes in South Carolina will not retard the action of Iowa or Massachusetts on this question. It will rather hasten their action. Desirous to guard as fully as possible against any conceivable ill consequence from such sudden increase of voters, the Northern States will be spurred to call, all the sooner into the field, whatever there is of good and conservative and well intentioned in woman. Just as the lager beer infatuation of the German Republicans out West moves the Republican Temperance men there to accept woman's rights in order to correct that bias in the party, so the negro vote will operate in this case. Once carry this reform in half-a-dozen Northern States, and the negro looks so much to us for his example that his vote will be sure to follow ours. If the North once accepts our principles, the time will come when Woman will find her best friend in the Negro, as the Union did. You may be sure he will keep step to the music of any improvement his trusted North initiates.

Let ignorance then believe that the only way to improve the world is to do everything at once—"I shall never get to the top of the hill by single steps; the only way is to wait till I can leap the whole way at one bound." Let selfishness cry—"He shall not have his rights till I get mine." The true reformer will say, "Let every class have its rights the very moment the world is ready to recognize them. Thus and thus only will every other class get one step nearer to the recognition of its own. 'First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.'"

OSTRACISM IN VIRGINIA.—A Virginia correspondent of the Washington *Chronicle* writes:

"There is still existing in this State a greater amount of social and commercial ostracism than has ever been exhibited in any other State in the South. I conversed to-day with a man who was born and reared in this State, and who has held high official station, and was a brave officer in the 'lost cause,' but who now desires the restoration of the State, and looks to the Republican party for its accomplishment. I said to him that, with his talents as a speaker, he should be on the stump. He said: 'I would like to be there, but believe that this campaign should be as free from disturbances as possible; and I know that the Conservatives have determined to insult and drive from the stump every Virginian who takes part for Wells in this contest. I would not submit to these insults, and would therefore have to fight."

THE TROUBLES IN GEORGIA.

THE TRIALS AND DANGERS OF UNION OFFICERS—LAWLESSNESS OF MASKED ASSASSINS.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 12:—The readers of the *Tribune* have doubtless been advised, by telegraph and otherwise, of the action of General Terry in sending four companies of United States troops to Warren County, in this State, and the arrest, by the Republican sheriff, with the aid of the military, of the sheriff who had been appointed by the Ordinary of the county, on the assumption that the former had abandoned his home and office, and also of the arrest of several other individuals of more or less notoriety. Being somewhat familiar with the people of that county, and of the circumstances attending the numerous deeds of violence committed within its limits, and which have finally culminated in the active interference of the Military Commander of the Department, your correspondent may be able to assist the reader to a correct comprehension of the real state of society in that section. In April, 1868, the entire Republican ticket of Warren was elected, by a majority of hundreds. But the tyranny of public opinion has been so great that every official elected as a Republican—with the exception of the lately assassinated Mr. Adkins, the colored and white Representatives and Sheriff Norris—has become an active, if not willing tool of the Rebel Democracy. Norris is a quiet but determined man, and has in no instance deserted the party that elected him. Every effort to induce him to become an apostate having failed, the county paper used all its influence to intimidate parties from becoming sureties on his official bond, and when the bond was given one of the sureties was denounced as a perjurer, another as a bastard, and a third as an old incendiary. During the Presidental campaign Norris was active in suppressing violence, and was unsparing in his denunciation of the parties that frequently paraded through the country, in ghostly disguises, intimidating colored and threatening white Republicans, to say nothing of the murders laid to their charge. On the occasion of an advertised Grant and Colfax mass meeting, at which Congressman Prince and other Republicans had promised to speak, he was conspicuous in preventing a collision similiar to that at Camilla, a week or two previous. And, after the 3d of November, he furnished an official report of the manner in which the election for President was conducted, anything but complimentary to the official integrity of the judges of election at Warrenton precinct.

Finally, one night in December last, while walking to his residence, and within sight and hearing of it, three (as he states) persons, masked, rose up a short distance from him, instantly fired upon him, and fled. He was very severely wounded. The Sheriff claims to have recognized, and is willing to qualify to the identity of, two of the party. The party not recognized, in the precipitancy of his flight, dropped a revolver, now in the possession of the Sheriff, which, it is alleged, can be proven to be the property of a brother of the two parties identified. The name of this family is Cody, and they are among the number arrested by Norris.

About the 1st of March, Mr. Charles Wallace, editor of the county paper, having applied for admission to membership in the Masonic Lodge, was black-balled. In violation of the well understood obligations of Masonry, Wallace was notified that Dr. Darden (who was not an office-holder, and in no sense a politician, but a well-known Union man) stood between him and the consummation of his charitable purposes. Whereupon he published a card in which the most offensive epithets were applied to the Doctor. The capacity of the author in blackguardism was evidently exhausted in this fatal document. On the day of its appearance, or the morning following, the aggrieved party was guilty of the unjustifiable act of shooting his antagonist on the principal thoroughfare of the town. This produced the greatest excitement, and a cry for vengeance was immediately raised. Messengers were immediately dispatched to various parts of the county. One of the Cody's ("Tip," I believe), assumed command of a body of young men, and placed a guard round the jail to which Norris had committed Darden. The Sheriff, knowing the bloody purposes of this self-constituted guard, attempted to summon a posse of citizens to prevent the escape of the prisoner and to protect him from violence at the same time. But no one obeyed the summons, the publicly organized mob having notified them that "any one caught round the jail that night *without the countersign* would catch h——ll." Early in the night a committee waited on the Sheriff and demanded that he should come to the jail and bring its keys with him. This he declined to do, which so exasperated the masked murderers that they at once repaired to his residence with the avowed purpose of punishing him for his temerity. Notified of their approach, he made good his escape, taking the prison keys with him. After searching the house they returned to the jail, broke it open, took Darden out, tied him to a tree, and fired from twelve to twenty-five shots into him, which, of course produced instant death. This masked mob, designated by all classes as Ku-Klux, of which Wallace was said to be a member, and of which he was certainly the apologist—occupied the town nearly the entire night, not completing their work of death until after 2 A. M. Yet not a citizen of Warrenton made the slightest effort to prevent the unholy deed, notwithstanding the victim appealed to some of them as a brother Mason in distress.

I have been thus prolix in reverting to these facts, most or all of which have already been published, so that the readers of the *Tribune* may understand precisely the grounds on which the Sheriff bases his arrest of the several parties and the charges they will be required to answer.

Norris, with wholesome recollections of the dose which the assassins had already administered to him, and being fully advised of the threats repeatedly made to treat him as they had his prisoner, fled to Atlanta, and officially notified Governor Bullock that he was utterly powerless to arrest any parties possessing the sympathies of this lawless organization—that those known as law-abiding citizens were unwilling or afraid to render him any assistance, and that unless the Government furnished protection, no arrests could be made. And just here it is proper to state that this was not the first occasion on which Norris had made similar representations to the Executive Department. In the fall of 1868, when a number of negroes were killed in their cabins at night by these masked parties, he appealed to the Governor for assistance. The fact is susceptible of official demonstration that the Governor earnestly and repeatedly urged Gen. Meade to furnish relief, which that official invariably declined to do. Perhaps he was restrained by that prince of apostates, Andy Johnson. All charges of failure on the part of the Governor to obtain relief are, therefore, entirely gratuitous. When General Ruger assumed temporary command the Governor laid Norris' last report before him, and relief was promised as soon as the consolidation of troops, then in progress could be completed. These facts either becoming known or strongly suspected by the secret advisers and influential friends of the members of the organization known as Ku-Klux, the removal of Norris from his office as Sheriff was resolved upon. By the provisions of the Code of Georgia, when it is *judicially* ascertained that a Sheriff has voluntarily abandoned the county and his office for thirty days, the Ordinary is authorized to fill the vacancy thus created. Under color of this law, John Raley, a violent sympathizer with the Ku-Klux Democracy, was commissioned as Sheriff. Judge Andrews, without deciding the office to be vacant, recognized Raley as Sheriff temporarily during the session of his Court. Soon after General Terry assumed command he issued instructions to Brevet Major Van Vonst, in command of the troops at Warrenton, to furnish the Sheriff of the county with a non-commissioned officer and an adequate number of men, whenever, in the judgment of the said Sheriff, they might be necessary to a successful performance of his official duties, or whenever necessary for his protection against personal violence. Advised of this order he returned to Warrenton and at once had an interview with Major Van Vonst. And here comes the first hitch. Both Norris and Raley claimed to be Sheriff, and the instructions of General Terry—he not being advised of the rebel dodge—had failed to mention Norris as *the* Sheriff. The latter, however, promptly reported the facts to the General, who being fully persuaded that Norris' absence was involuntary amended former instructions by declaring that J. C. Norris must be regarded as the legal Sheriff, whose official requisitions were to be honored. When Norris returned for a second time, he arrested Raley (the contesting Sheriff), Edward S. Cody, E. E. Cody, Tip Cody, J. M. Cody, H. Martin and Captain A. J. Hartly. The latter is a printer, hails from Virginia, I believe, and is Wallace's successor as the editor of the town paper. The charge against Raley is illegally searching Norris' residence and frightening his family, and of a guilty knowledge of the persons that broke into the jail, and of aiding and abetting Dr. Darden's assassination. All the other parties are charged with constituting a portion of the mob, in addition to the charge against Edward and Tip Cody, of attempting to assassinate Norris, as above stated. Raley gave bail in the sum of $5,000, and the other parties in that of $2,000 each, to answer the several charges against them.

In the meantime Norris has been enjoined from further action as Sheriff, until the court shall decide whether his absence from the country was voluntary—whether it was such an abandonment of his office as, in the meaning of the law, creates a vacancy. There is some fear that Judge Andrews will permit Toombs and others to intimidate him. His position is, indeed, one to try the pluck of the bravest heart in the land. The excitement is unparalleled, and the newspaper statements of good feelings toward the soldiery are without the shadow of foundation in fact. It is true, they are much more exasperated at the Sheriff. Their chief concern is not altogether for the arrests already made, but they know others will follow, especially of the parties named by Senator Adkins, in the presence of his daughters, before his death, as guilty of his assassination.

There is a large family of Codys, some of whom are good and some bad men. Tip Cody, although proclaiming a holy horror of "nigger equality," has for years lived in notorious intimacy with a colored wench. His brother Ed. is the party that was tried by a military commission a little over a year since, charged with killing a Federal soldier about a colored prostitute. The evidence against him was strong, but he was acquitted on account of its conflicting character. Martin is a business partner of one of the Codys, and is a very quiet and apparently inoffensive person. I saw a letter from Norris to-day, addressed to a gentleman in this city, in which he states that he can obtain no legal counsel, *that his children have been banished from school*, and that all classes not only refuse to recognize him, but treat his wife and children with equal contempt. Colonel H. P. Farrow, Attorney General for the State, has gone to his defence. The Colonel is a good lawyer, and will do justice to his cause and client. The question arises, Of what good are all these arrests and those to follow? Under our present jury system, conviction and punishment by the civil law is out of the question. Yet I believe the results will be beneficial. There is one thing of vital importance for the people of the North to understand. The press and people do not declare that if the parties accused are proven to be guilty they should be punished. Although the perpetration of the crimes are not, and cannot be denied, the entire Democratic press and people boldly assume the innocence of every one suspected. In no contingency is punishment tolerated. And this is the real crime which society is committing against the friends of the Government. If it would aid in punishing the guilty, and not make a martyr of every one charged with lawlessness, a reform would speedily follow. But the prospect for a change is gloomy.

To give the reader an idea of General Terry's opinion of affairs in Warren, it is only necessary to state that when his official dispatches to Washington are published, it will be found that he terms the Ku-Klux "insurrectionary forces." The use of those two words should outweigh all the labored denials of the Georgia press in the minds of intelligent and law-abiding citizens.

AN AGED WOMAN REDEEMED FROM SLAVERY.

THE *Cincinnati Chronicle* tells the story of Rebecca Whale, aged sixty-eight years, who, having passed all her days in the bond service of another, even since the emancipation of her race, has still remained in bondage to her former master, ignorant of her freedom, until released one week ago by a daughter whom she had not seen for a period of over twenty years. The mother and daughter arrived in Chicago last week. Upon a plantation in the neighborhood of Lexington, Ky., the old woman was born and raised, and upon the same plantation she has lived and toiled for the Coleman family, and was the chattel of James Coleman when the war burst upon the country. In the year 1825 Rebecca was married to George Whale, a field-hand on the same plantation, and in the course of time two sons and two daughters were born. The domestic relation had to be sacrificed to the cupidity of their master, and the children were separately sold from time to time to purchasers from below. The husband died, and the only remaining solace and hope of the despondent widow was the younger child, Alice, a sprightly girl of twelve years, but she at length was also sold to a Louisiana planter in the fall of 1847; since which time the poor widowed and childless slave knew nought of her offspring until sought out and restored to liberty by her younger daughter. The poor slave grew old in servitude, and pined beneath her load of sorrows, but being skillful in the art of cooking, she was indispensable in the Coleman household.

When the storm of recession swept through the State, the Colemans espoused the rebel cause and suffered the destruction and confiscation of their patrimonial estate, at the hands of others. The family removed a number of miles into the interior, remote from the city, taking with them the old family servant, who was taught to believe, even after the final emancipation, that the negroes were still in bondage.

When the Union troops swept through the State of Louisiana and announced freedom to the blacks, among the first who availed themselves to enter the Union lines was Alice Whale, the daughter above referred to. In the capacity of cook she became attached to the Seventy-Second Illinois regiment, and followed the vicissitudes of that command until the close of the struggle, when she was induced by some of the officers to come to Chicago. Shortly after arriving here she became acquainted with David Payne, who had also been a slave and been liberated by the war,—whom she married in the fall of 1866. Ever since her arrival in this city the daughter, who is more than ordinarily intelligent, has corresponded in all directions in hopes of ascertaining the whereabouts of her mother, brothers and sister, whom she had not seen or heard of for nearly twenty years. The brothers were found to be in business in Ohio and Kentucky, but the mother and sister were nowhere to be found. Persisting, however, in her efforts, she learned one day last week that her mother was still held in bondage in the interior of Kentucky.

Hastening at once to the place designated near the city of Lexington, she found the story to be to true. Clad in rags, and bowed beneath the weight of years and labor, the poor old woman still did the drudgery for the family, and lived alone and neglected in a miserable hovel near by the family mansion; and a bundle of straw answered for her bed, and the many years of faithful service was rewarded with accommodations unfit for the vilest cur. The old lady knew not of her freedom until informed thereof by the daughter, sold from her twenty years before. The meeting of mother and child was happy indeed.

It is only necessary to add, that the industry of Mr. Payne has accumulated a competence, and the now happy family reside at No. 123 West Polk street, Chicago.

THE MEDICAL COLOR QUESTION.

STATEMENTS FROM DRS. PURVIS AND AUGUSTA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 19th, 1869.

THE readers of *The Chronicle* are acquainted with the circumstances of the rejection of the application of Drs. Purvis and Augusta for membership in the Medical Society of the District of Columbia. We print below, from the rejected applicants, communications on the subject, which will be read with interest:

STATEMENT OF CHARLES B. PURVIS, M. D.

To the Editor of The Chronicle:

Permit me, through your columns, to show the motives prompting Dr. Augusta and myself to make application to become members of the Medical Society of this city. About three months ago this Society caused to be published in the papers of the city a statement setting forth that we were not members of the Medical Society, and had never been licensed by the Society, were practising medicine illegally. From this statement, so wilfully made, there could be but one inference drawn by the public, upon whom we depended for support, and that was, we were impostors.

Not until this statement appeared in the papers were we aware that this Society had either a legal or a moral right to require a license of any physician who came here to practice. Nor are we convinced now. Yet, as we desired to be in harmony with the physicians, we, at the earliest opportunity, endeavored to comply with the rules governing physicians here. Accordingly, we followed the usual routine, and applied first for license, then for membership to the Society. Our diplomas and credentials were submitted to the board of examiners appointed by the Society for the said purpose, who approved them unhesitatingly, and awarded to us our license. Next came the consideration of admitting us to membership in the Society. To dispel the opinion which the evening paper (the *Star*) wished to convey, that we wanted to force ourselves into social relationship with the physicians composing the Society, and that the Society is a private organization, we have to say—first, that charters are never granted to sociable clubs; second, that the charter sets forth that the object of the Society is to advance medical science, which science, as we understand it, belongs to the world and not to the Medical Society of this *District*. Again, some of the provisions of the charter make it a punishable offence for any member of the Society to hold consultation with a physician who is not a member. This provision of the charter acted as a great stumbling block to our practice; in fact it had a tendency to deny us all practice; for those who otherwise would have employed us, refused on the ground that if consultation should ever be required in the case at hand, that they prefered employing those who could be consulted with. In addition to our professional *right* to belong to the Society, we have a *legal* one. We hold that, as the Society has imposed a heavy tax upon us, which goes toward the support of the society, we have a right to enjoy the benefits of our money. None regret more than we the recent action of the Society toward us, especially after admitting we were in every way qualified. We hoped and looked for better things. We hoped, in view of the signs of the times, the policy and principles laid down by our general and local governments, that no part of the country—much less in this District, where everything is unanimously Republican—no class of men could be found with moral natures so blunted, minds so narrow, hearts so besotted with prejudice of caste, as ever again to undertake the defence of institutions appropriate only in the days of slavery. Nothing is more surprising to us than to find men who derive a large share of their support from the colored people of the city so bitter in their opposition to us. But such opposition is not new to us. We met it when we attempted to enter the medical college; we met it when we applied, in common with other students, for our diplomas; we have been at war with it ever since we commenced the practice of our profession, and we expect to do so until we conquer it. We return thanks to the twelve gentlemen who stood firmly by the principle involved, in spite of the importunities and threats used to prevent them. It is a remarkable fact those who were most earnest in opposing us were a few years ago equally zealous in giving aid to the rebellion. We regret the Society has compelled us to resort to unpleasant means by which to obtain our just rights. CHAS. B. PURVIS, M. D.

STATEMENT OF A. T. AUGUSTA, M. D.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 23, 1869.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

I desire to return my sincere and heartfelt acknowledgments for your prompt advocacy of my case in particular, but more especially for the cause of humanity and freedom in general. Standing, as you are, on the watch tower, nothing calculated to degrade the human family escapes your vigilance, and in battling this part of the rebellion you are exerting an influence upon society that must result in a permanent peace to our country. For until these questions are settled we cannot "have peace."

Your article was such a full vindication of right in this particular case that I should not have thought it necessary to say anything on the subject myself but for an article that appeared in the *Evening Star* of the 17th instant, in which the writer makes it appear that I have all the legal rights which the Medical Society can give me in the license they have granted me; that I had thrust myself upon the Society for membership, in order to obtain "social equality." But this is not a question of social fellowship; it is one of still greater importance, inasmuch as it is a direct attempt (as I think I shall be able to show) to drive me out of the profession, as has been done by trades unions to prevent colored men from working at the different trades, and it has been set on foot by white doctors who are largely interested in the practice of medicine among colored people.

Now, what are the facts in the case? On the 24th of February last, at a regular meeting of the Medical Society, a resolution was offered to appoint a committee to investigate the status of certain medical men practising here, who neither had a diploma nor a license from the Society, and who held positions under the corporation; and among the names mentioned was mine, and it was published in the *Star* in such a form as to make it appear that I was practising as a quack, and liable to a fine of $50 for every bill I rendered. Therefore I set about repairing the damage such a statement was calculated to produce, and applied to the examining board for a license. They examined my diploma and other papers, and finding them all right granted me the license, for which I paid $10.

I found, however, that the license would be of no service to me unless I became a member of the Society; and therefore, at my request, Dr. Joseph Tabor Johnson nominated me on the 9th instant, which nomination, according to the rules, laid over for one week, was acted upon on the 16th instant, and the result of which is known to the public. I will now state why it was necessary for me to become a member of the Society. The sixteenth article of the code of Ethics, which governs the professional intercourse between the members of the Society, states that "No member of this association shall consult with, or meet in a professional way, any resident practitioner of the District who is not a member thereof, after said practitioner shall have resided six months in said District." Now, some of the members of the Society have been asked to consult with me, but they throw themselves behind their society obligations, and say: "We would like to consult with Dr. Augusta; we believe him to be a good doctor; but he does not belong to our Society, and therefore we must decline, but we will take charge of the case," which has been done in some instances. And now, when I have taken every step required by the act of incorporation to become a member, that I might avail myself of the privileges of professional intercourse, these very men use every possible means in their power to prevent me from becoming a member.

It is said that one doctor broke down one of his horses in riding round the District to bring up every available vote, so as to insure my defeat, and he was one of those that refused to consult with me; and of all the rest he had the largest practice among the colored people.

With regard to the legal rights which the *Star* says I enjoy, it seems that all the rights which the license conferred upon me that I did not enjoy before was the privilege to pay into the treasury of the Society ten dollars, for which I get no equivalent. By referring to the fifth section of the act of incorporation, it will be seen that my diploma, from the college where I graduated, exempted me from taking out license; and I believe in a court of equity the Society would be compelled to refund my money. The license does not give me the privilege of attending the meetings of the Society where medical and surgical subjects are discussed, and where peculiar and interesting cases with their appropriate treatment are communicated for the benefit of the profession at large, or where I might communicate cases I may meet from time to time in my practice. In conclusion, I may here remark that I consider my patients are entitled to the same consideration that any other doctor's are, and the spirit which would exclude me from the counsel of those whom I have at least a moral right to look to for assistance in battling with the varied elements of disease is inhuman and in direct antagonism with the feeling that should guide those who are members of so noble a profession as ours. The spirit that would exclude me from obtaining by intercourse, and every other legitimate means, a better knowledge of my profession is not in unison with the present age of progress and enlightenment, and deserves the rebuke of all true men. To Dr. Joseph Tabor Johnson, who nominated me for membership to the Medical Society, and the eleven gentlemen who supported him, I herewith tender my sincere thanks, and hope that they may be ever found laboring on the side of right and justice.

A. T. AUGUSTA, M. D., 428 L. street.

—*Washington Chronicle.*

THE nicety of doctors in the District of Columbia, and the scientific elegance with which they can split hairs, is worthy of honorable mention. Drs. Purvis and Augusta are two medical men of color, regularly licensed to practice in the District, and even to kill a member of Congress (or cure him) if they can get the opportunity. Messrs. Purvis and Augusta, being thus legally authorized healers of bodies, naturally desire to belong to the District Medical Society, which has proclaimed to all the world that both are perfectly trustworthy doctors, and can distinguish at a glance between the *os tibiæ* and the *os humeri*. But the white doctors will not let the black doctors in. They may practice if they can get patients; but neither of them must consider himself a doctor and brother!—a kind of equal inequality as hard to understand as physic is to take.—*New York Tribune*, 21*st instant.*

THE CENSUS AND THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

WASHINGTON, June 21st, 1869.

THE Census Committee, which has just adjourned its session, had under consideration for several days the bearing of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, especially the second section thereof, upon the census. That section reads as follows: "Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; but when the right to vote at any election for the choice of Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the Executive and Judicial officers of a State, and the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis or representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the numbers of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State."

The Committee, after careful examination, have concluded that in taking the census of 1870 it will be necessary, in view of the above provisions, to take an accurate enumeration of all male citizens of the United States, twenty-one years of age and upward, who are denied by their respective States the right to vote, to the end that a constitutional basis may be obtained upon which to apportion the Representatives in Congress among the several States.

The Committee is of opinion that the section of the Fourteenth Amendment above quoted will affect the apportionment in all the States where, for any cause, the right of male citizens to vote is in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crimes, and reduce that representation in all such States. Thus it will be seen that if this interpretation of the Committee is correct it will affect Rhode Island, where foreigners

decline to quit the Government work. Were your proceedings conducted in a spirit of justice and humanity, you would have no cause to make such a demand upon me. Were you to open your doors for the admission of colored men to your Union, as the Government work is to them, the trouble would end. Though you exclude political discussions from your councils, you are a political body, or at least the majority are. Political is too mild a term to be applied to many of you. The vail with which you would cover yourselves is too thin to hide your deformity. Numbers of you *have* worked with colored bricklayers when they were slaves, without complaint, and I am of the opinion that if they were returned to slavery to-morrow you would so alter your laws that you would have the inestimable privilege of working with a colored chattel. Your Union was barely formed when you commenced your threats against the Government, which ended in your defeat, and you seem to be keeping it up with no better prospect of success than on former occasions. It is said that I entered into certain obligations when I joined the Union. I admit it. But when it is demanded of me to forsake my convictions of right and duty to join with men to embarrass the Government, and to make war upon a portion of my own country born fellow-citizens, I will take my stand on the side of right, and have nothing to do with a course so unrighteous as you would have to do. You have good and sensible men among you, but will not listen to wise counsel. You are joined to your idols, and it is best to let you alone. I regret that there has been occasion for my penning this letter. It is disagreeable for me to enter into strife with my fellowmen. A quiet corner suits my age and temperament best. The harm that may come to me from being expelled from the Union will not amount to much. When the Government has no longer use for my services, there will be some opening for me by which I can make a living. Respectfully,

THOMAS MAHONEY.

MR. DOUGLASS AND THE PRINTERS.

MEETING OF THE WASHINGTON UNION—THE APPLICATION OF DOUGLASS REPORTED FAVORABLY—THEY ADJOURN WITHOUT ACTION.

WASHINGTON, June 20th.—Typographical Union No. 101, of this city, met last night. The anticipation that the case of Lewis H. Douglass, for admission or rejection into the Union, would come up, had the effect of bringing together one of the largest representations of the compositors of this city ever congregated at one meeting. Two of the Committee on Nominations reported in favor of ten applicants, including Lewis H. Douglass. As to the last named, they said he had served a sufficient length of time at the business; that he gives satisfaction as a compositor; that he has a good character; is not a "rat," and that there is no reason except his race and color that should deprive him of becoming a member of the Typographical Union. Being, therefore, a fair man they recommended that he be admitted to membership in Columbia Typographical Union. A minority report was submitted, signed by the remaining member of the Committee. After stating the facts in the case, he says the plain requirements of the law of this Union and of the National Union are not to admit to membership a printer without card, who comes from a place where a Union exists, unless he brings from such Union a certificate satisfactorily explaining why he has none, and that the character Douglass established for himself in I en ver still attaches, and does not lift him above the operation of the general law, outside of which Union No. 101 cannot safely travel. A motion was made to lay the latter or minority report on the table. The vote was taken amid frequent interruptions and great confusion, and resulted in Yeas 229, Nays 164. The announcement of the vote was received with applause mingled with hisses. On motion, the majority report was adopted amid enthusiastic cheering and confusion. The Union proceeded to vote seriatim upon the candidates proposed for admission, with the exception of Lewis H. Douglass. Three names having been balloted for and the candidates elected, the President was about to read the fourth, when a motion to adjourn was made, and this prevailed amid great disorder and excitement.

THE BRICKLAYERS AND THE COLORED QUESTION.

EXPULSION OF THE NAVY-YARD MEMBERS FROM THE UNION—A LETTER FROM ONE OF THE EXPELLED.

WASHINGTON, June 19th.—On Thursday evening the Bricklayers' Union held a regular meeting, at which the subject of the employment of two colored men in the Navy-Yard here was taken up. The committee to whom the matter had been referred reported that two colored men were employed in the yard, upon the same footing as the whites, and gave the names of six members of the Union who were working with them, in defiance of the rules of the Union. A resolution for the expulsion of the six men was offered, and adopted after considerable debate. One of the expelled members sent the following letter to the Union:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 8, 1869.

Bricklayers' Union No. 1., Washington D. C.—GENTLEMEN:—At a meeting of the Union, held June 3d, 1869, it was resolved, by a large majority of the members that myself and other members of the Union employed in the Navy-Yard should stop work or be expelled from the Union. This demand is made us from the fact that colored bricklayers are employed in the yard. I respectfully are not allowed to vote without a property qualification; Massachusetts, which requires an educational qualification; and Pennsylvania, Maryland and other States where the ballot is withheld from the negro. The representation will be lessened in the North, East and West, but it will not be affected in the South, as all those who are excluded from the ballot box for participation in the rebellion will be counted in making up the basis of representation.

THE REBEL SPIRIT AT THE SOUTH.

COL. JOHN W. FORNEY, editor of the *Philadelphia Press* and *Washington Chronicle*, is largely engaged in real estate operations in the Southern States, and, in connection with his newspaper office at Washington, carries on an extensive land agency for the sale of Southern lands. He has been making an excursion through the slave States in company with a party of personal friends. But with all his interest to give the color of the rose to the Southern picture, he is unable to recommend that region as desirable to Northern emigrants at present. He writes in the following discouraging strain from Virginia:

"The South is no place for Northern merchants, at least until the acerbities produced by the war shall have disappeared, and the legislation compelled by the refusal of the people of the South to act upon Gen. Grant's advice, when he called upon them to accept the Howard amendment, and to restore their State governments on the conditions of Congress by the white vote alone, shall have been more heartily accepted. The people will not buy from Northern merchants or storekeepers, and this fact accounts for the almost exclusive possession of the commerce by native Southerners, who are nearly universally preferred to the new comers. But as farmers or manufacturers, or skilled mechanics, these new comers are making themselves comparatively independent. Bringing with them, as they do, their own wealth, either in money or in experience, and so enriching their neighbors and themselves at the same time, they become self-reliant and indispensible, creating their own society, and they will gradually break down the severe lines still maintained by the old inhabitants. What is called social ostracism operates steadily against all professional men or persons of small means who emigrate to the cities."

No doubt this condition of things will be improved in time, but it is not the work of a day or a month to change the heart of an aristocratic and rebellious population.

RESULTS OF TEACHING SLAVE CHILDREN.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

MRS. ELLEN M. CHILD of this city has recently returned from a visit to Charleston, S.C., where her sister, Cornelia Hancock, is teaching a Freedman's School. One day while she was there, the mother of one of the scholars visited them, and among other experiences told of going to buy a chintz dress a short time before, that the shop-keeper (either a small slaveholder or "mean white") measured off the dress, and told them how much it came to, but her little son reckoned it and said it was not so much, and informed him what was the actual price; when the merchant began to catechise him, asking him, how much is twice twenty? how much is twice forty? what is the half of thirty, etc. The boy answered correctly every time, whereat the dishonest man replied with more spite than decency, "d——n it ye'r edicated, d——n it, ye'r edicated!"

Miss Hancock has been teaching several years, but without a good school-house. Henry Laing of this city, has just given her a lot for a new house, and Gen. Howard is to furnish the means for building; and I hope, knowing how devoted she is, and how successful she is, in this *real* work, that friends here and there, may be impelled to aid her in the construction of the house, and also in its furnishing after completion.

C. A. F. S.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

THE BLOODY SOUTH.

GRANT has now been President four months;—still there is no safety for loyal men in the South. They stay together in large cities; knowing well that to separate, and each seek his own dwelling, is to invite assassination. Four months of determined purpose to see the law impartially executed, and loyal lives protected, ought to have prevented and could have cured much of this. We expect no miracles. We know how slow the process must necessarily be. But we do demand a beginning. Journals found fault with us when we asked for a PETER, the Great, stern and inexorable as death. They misunderstand the work to be done and confound the different ways of doing it; one, swift and prompt,—the other, requiring long years. While both are equally within our reach and our right, we prefer the former.

Industry and trade will civilize the barbarous South in time, as they did England and Germany in centuries gone by. In old and lawless times robbers built castles on commanding points and swept into their vaults all the wealth that was not strong enough to defend itself as it passed along. By and by the chief saw that this was killing the hen which laid the golden egg. Cunning traders avoided the road by his den; or, banded in large caravans, defied him. Soon he levied toll on the merchant, instead of openly robbing him; and, in return, kept the roads clear from other robbers. After awhile he took one step further, seeing that it was more gainful to be the lawful head of an industrious community, which granted him a tax, than a robber chief exacting ruthless tolls. So grew up manufacturing and trading towns under the protection of law-abiding chiefs. It is better policy, as every wise knave sees, to tax trade than to murder merchants. This is the way in which that border ruffianism, which we call "knight errantry" and "feudal system," got changed into modern civilization. But it takes a long time to beat common sense into border ruffian brains. It is a thorough method, only it needs many, many years to operate in. In an age made up of Methuselahs, with a thousand years of life before them and no need to hurry, this must be a most agreeable method to revolutionize the world. If no other way were open to us, we too would put on our banner, "*Universal Suffrage and Universal Amnesty*," and sit down, with folded arms, sure the South would in time be civilized; and that, after all, to do it would not now cost half the number of lives, or take half the six hundred years that were once required to change the England of *William the Conqueror*, into the England of *William the Third*. Niagara will eat its way back and become only a boiling rapid, and the Sandwich Islands will double their coral reefs in another thousand years. So there is no need for those whom the noise of one, or the narrow limits of the other, disturbs, to trouble themselves about it, *provided they can wait*. The same thing is true of the South; and Northern editors who are only vexed that the subject will not settle itself quietly out of their way, can bear this delay much more contentedly than the Southern loyalists who cannot travel home without being shot. The impatience of these last is truly annoying to Northern editors, these hot months. The suffering of these poor, pen and ink mortals who wish to be left quiet to spin out dreary articles on the Tariff, and Philology, and Street Railroads is intolerable. They have our sincerest commiseration.

But there being another way of civilizing the barbarous South open to us,—and there being very few Methuselahs about,—and caring, as we do, infinitely more for one human life than for a cartload of Tariffs or any quantity of hair-splitting about grammar,—and having some old-fashioned regard for national honor, (not of course to be expected in a brand new, cast-iron, New York editor) we incline to the PETER the GREAT method.

A century and a half ago, Peter had given to his keeping a Russia almost as barbarous as the South is, or as England was a thousand years ago. He determined to bring it up to the level of European civilization in the space of a single life. This he accomplished. By a code of laws and a series of measures, dictated by sagacious despotism and inexorably enforced, he schooled Russia into obedience and accustomed her to the restraints of civil life. He made life safe and, guaranteeing to property and trade adequate protection, he called into full activity the industrial energy of the Empire. If he had been sagacious enough to go one step further and let Despotism develop into Constitutional Government, Russia would have stood to-day in the van of Europe.

Ah! says the puling sentimentalist—who saw nothing of special importance in Andersonville but sickened over the sufferings of Jefferson Davis' imprisonment—

> —could bear to look on torture
> But dared not look on war,—

as Macaulay sings—"Ah! this is despotism!" Of course it is; the despotism of war, of the camp, which the rebel South still needs. Despotism is always "the baby-step of civilization." The South is in no different condition from any other barbarous community. Who expects to see Republics start into being among the cannibal Feejees. I would no more waste civil rights on the rebels of Texas and Georgia than I would try adders by a jury.

I am a Republican in the matter of grown up men and women. They are to govern themselves and be governed by reason. In the matter of children, before the reasoning power developes, and of brutes who do not possess it, I am a despot. They are to be governed by will, not by argument. Rarey's system is one of the wisest kindness. He first makes the horse feel man's *power*,—this is the epoch of despotism. Then, when the brute recognizes his master, lies wholly helpless and *feels that he is helpless*—then Rarey begins to "gentle" him with womanly tenderness. I want a Rarey for the brutes of Georgia.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE PEACE JUBILEE.

"Not as North, or as South, in the future we'll stand,
But as brothers united throughout this broad land."

EVERYBODY, we were about to say, hopes for the fulfilment of this pleasant prophecy. But even this would be saying too much; for it is certain that there are many of those who have heretofore had most influence in the South who vow unending devotion to "The Lost Cause"; who strive by eloquence, wit, poetry, by all the influences of social life through every form of literature, and by all the arts of eulogy and criticism, to perpetuate their traditionary doctrines of the nobleness of the Southern gentleman, and the meanness of the Northern mechanic; who maintain that the whites of the South, not the blacks, have been the victims of oppression; who insist on the necessity of "a white man's government;" and who use all the power and influence within their reach to fix the colored race there in a position of inferiority to the white race. If we will keep our eyes open, we must recognize the fact that all of us do not even *wish* for the fraternal unity here so confidently foretold. Moreover, from this set of people no change of disposition is to be hoped for. The very best that is to be expected from them is a sullen acquiescence in the inevitable. For twenty-five or thirty years, that is to say as long as these people live, they will complicate and embarrass the situation in proportion to the amount of their influence.

There are two other classes in this country who do not refuse the proposed brotherhood but who will share in and uphold it only on conditions.

One of these classes—Southern men and women—see the folly of the fire-eaters above alluded to, and are willing to fraternize with the Yankees, (seeing their cooperation to be the only means of a return to prosperity), but cannot yet bring themselves to tolerate the idea of negro equality. Understanding that "the lost cause" *is* lost, they express a willingness to "accept the situation;" and they do accept it so far as not to enter into open conflict with the government. Nevertheless, hoping to save out of the wreck of their Southern system at least some public and permanent recognition of their doctrine that the white race is superior and the black inferior, they make such resistance as can be made without taking arms, to every one of those steps by which the colored race is now entering upon the status newly assigned it by the Constitution and the laws.

Take, as illustrations of this resistance, the steps just taken by the white printers of the city of Washington against the admission of a son of Frederick Douglass to membership in the "Typographical Union;" and that of the white physicians of the District of Columbia against the admission of Dr. Augusta and Dr. Purvis to the Medical Society of that District. In all these cases the matter was free from incidental complication, and turned solely on the question of color or race. Mr. Douglass is a worthy man and an excellent printer; a Committee reported his fitness, in every way, for membership. Dr. Augusta and Dr. Purvis are regularly educated physicians, both holding diplomas from institutions of recognized character and standing, and both having licenses to practise from the Medical Society of the District of Columbia. In all these cases, the exclusion was solely, and entirely, on the ground of color or race. Yet these are but specimens of what is going on in all parts of the Southern country.

Another class who will accept the proposed brotherhood only *on conditions*, are the abolitionists. It was expressed in the very organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society that its object was to secure for the colored people those rights of which they were then unjustly deprived. Of course the first step in that direction was to attack slavery, the gigantic institution in which that oppression was organized. Subsequent events have helped the abolitionists to a completion of the overthrow of formal and technical slavery, and the work that remains is easier and plainer. Nevertheless, a work does remain to be done, a work positively of great magnitude, and complicated by an extensive popular impression that enough has been done in that direction, and that the cause of the blacks will henceforth sufficiently well take care of itself. Popular ignorance is willing enough to take this for granted; popular prejudice is glad to have it taken for granted. Meanwhile, the civil and political and social elements that have been disturbed by the war, and the Act of Emancipation, are undergoing a process of reconstruction, and getting hardened in new shapes. And it is our part, before the final solidification, to see to it that the old class-distinctions created by slavery shall henceforth find no support in our *customs*, any more than in our *laws*.

Liberty, equality, fraternity, will all come in time. How near that time will be, depends upon the intelligent use of means throughout this critical, formative period. What the abolitionists have to keep in mind is the principle that has guided all their past labors—"FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE." We will be brothers in cooperation with this American people when they shall have fixed in custom as well as law the recognition of equal rights for all citizens of the United States. Until then, our fraternal character will be shown mainly by faithful criticism and missionary labor.

THE INDIAN EXPERIMENT.

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL, of Maryland, an influential, representative Friend, of the Hicksite branch of the Society, met a large number of the Friends of this city, and Brooklyn, at the Fifteenth street Meeting House, on the 28th ult., and made a very interesting report of the present condition and progress of the work among the Indians in charge of the newly appointed Quaker Superintendents and Agents. Friend Hallowell, who has long been deeply interested in behalf of the Indians, is a man of more than average ability, with most refreshing earnestness, venerable in years, and in form and feature not very unlike Elias Hicks. It was through him, we believe, that President Grant's proposition for Quaker cooperation in the conduct of Indian affairs first reached the Society. Of course only a beginning of the work has been made. The report embraced accounts of the arrival at their posts of duty, of a few only of the Superintendents and Agents, and of their reception by the Indians and whites. The Indians, who it seems still cherish pleasant traditions of William Penn and his asssociates, had heard that the Quakers were coming, and were prepared to give them most cordial greeting. They were also very kindly received by the whites, the former Superintendents and Agents, whose places they were to fill. Superintendent Samuel M. Janney, of Virginia, well-known as a writer and historian among Friends, whose headquarters are Omaha city, had held preliminary council meetings with the chiefs and representatives of two of the tribes of the Reservation under his charge. The accounts of these meetings, which will soon be prepared for publication by Friend Janney, were listened to with deep interest. The Indians, with abundant reason, ask for fidelity on the part of the Government to fair promises made to them hitherto. The story of their wrongs is indeed most touching and pitiable. Never were a people more unscrupulously and shamefully dealt with. The kindly words of counsel and encouragement spoken by Superintendent Janney and other Friends who addressed them were received cordially and gratefully. It will be the policy of the Friends, in which it was affirmed that President Grant and the Indian Commissioner heartily concur, to have the Indian lands under their care promptly surveyed and, in accordance with the law of Congress, apportioned in eighty acre lots, to heads of families, with additional forty acre lots each to the young men and women, over eighteen, and to get these lots as speedily as possible under cultivation. The exhortations of the Friends to avoid intoxicating drinks, to active industry, to better treatment of women, to send their children to the schools, and to teach them to work, were listened to very attentively by the Indians, with a promised acquiesence.

The reports of recent troubles with the Indians have been greatly exaggerated, and with an evident unfriendly purpose. The lands of these Indian Reservations are among the most fertile of the West. They are coveted by the whites. There are those who seek a pretext for making war upon the Indians. They would either drive them from their lands, to be appropriated for railroad purposes and personal aggrandizement, or exterminate the tribes altogether. It is against this greedy and thoroughly unscrupulous spirit which the humane experiment with the Indians will have chiefly to contend. It will be a most formidable opponent. *If* the President and Congress jointly, will hold in check and baffle the designs of these greedy speculators and land monopolists, and cooperate by wise legislation, we shall have no doubt of the success of the labors of the Friends now as formerly among the Indians, and that they may be guided, happily for all parties, in the pathway of a true civilization and of equal citizenship.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

APPEARANCES indicate that Chief Justice Chase is still afflicted with the presidential fever. The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* telegraphs:

"Republicans from the South allege that Chief Justice Chase, during his recent tour, has been actively conferring with Southern conservatives with a view to organizing a new political movement."

Lewis H. Douglass, on whose account the Washington printers have given themselves so much unnecessary trouble, it is said, has received a letter dated at Dayton, Ohio, June 23d, threatening him with death unless he leaves the Government Printing Office before a certain day. If instead of being the manly, enterprising, intelligent young man that he is, Mr. Douglass would only consent to beg or steal for a living, or at any rate refuse to work at all except as a servant of white men he could undoubtedly allay the disgust of his "mean white" persecutors.

The New Hampshire House has ratified the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment, and it is made the special order in the Senate for to-morrow (Thursday). Before another issue of THE STANDARD the Granite State will doubtless have fully ratified the important measure. Of the ratification by Vermont in the autumn there is no doubt; the ratification by the Rhode Island House in January is probable; also under the recent decision of the Georgia Supreme Court it is expected that the expelled colored members will return to their seats in the Legislature, and that Georgia will then promptly ratify the Amendment. It will be remembered that the act providing for the reconstruction of Virginia, Mississippi and Texas demands its ratification by those States as a preliminary to their full restoration to the Union. Counting twenty-eight as the number of States necessary for complete ratification, the success of the measure seems highly probable. Possibly too Ohio and even New Jersey may be radically "reconstructed" at the approaching autumn elections.

Among the most efficient of the valuable workers from the North among the freed-people is our friend, Miss C. F. Putnam, whose letter we print elsewhere. With heroic self-sacrifice she is doing in Virginia, as we have opportunity to know, most important service as a missionary within, and beyond the limits of the school-room. It will be seen that the demands upon her are beyond her power to help. To many of the readers of THE STANDARD Miss Putnam, as a co-worker with Miss Holley, in behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society, is personally known. To all such it is unnecessary for us to say that donations to her, in behalf of those for whom she labors, of money, school-books, slates, etc., will be most wisely and usefully appropriated. We trust that the statement of the fact that she is in need of such contributions will suffice to bring to her a prompt and liberal response. Her post-office address is: Lottsburg, Northumberland County, Va. Packages by express should be addressed: Eubank and Fallen, 71 South street, Baltimore, Md., for Miss C. F. Putnam, Cone River Landing, Northumberland County, Va.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) *Journal* of June 19th gives a remarkable instance of sagacity and sympathy, exhibited by a horse. It says:

"Yesterday morning a blind horse wandered into the river near the National Road Bridge, and getting beyond his depth swam around in a circle in his efforts to find his way out. His distress attracted the attention of a horse near by on the bank who instantly went to his assistance. He first went to the water's edge and attempted to direct the blind horse by neighing, but finding this proceeding ineffectual, he boldly took to the water and swam out to his relief. After swimming around with him for nearly a quarter of an hour, he finally got the blind horse to understand his good intentions, and in what direction the land lay and the two horses came to shore side by side amid the cheers of upward of 100 persons, who were interested spectators of the scene."

We commend the example of this remarkable Indianapolis horse to the thoughtful consideration of the negro-hating Democracy, who by their persistent opposition to the Fifteenth Amendment, are doing their best to keep the colored people politically under water and if possible to drown them altogether.

Texas, like Tennessee, furnishes a conspicuous political apostate. Among the most effective speakers at the Union meetings held in this city and elsewhere in the North during the war period was A. J. Hamilton, of Texas. Hamilton has deserted the Loyal party of Texas, and is now canvassing the State in the hope of being chosen Governor by the "conservatives" and the unreconstructed rebels. In a notice of a speech recently delivered by him at Houston, *The Houston Union* says:

"His speech fell like a wet blanket upon the hopes and spirits of every true-hearted Republican on the ground, while the Democrats were proportionately elated. When Gen. Hamilton held forth Wednesday, his denunciations of carpet-baggers, and those who were counseling the colored men to stand true to Republican principles, awakened the disagreeable memories of last summer, when Seymour orators strutted their brief hour before an excited audience from the same spot, and denounced, execrated and contemned every loyal man in Houston, who had the manhood to declare his preference for Gen. Grant and Schuyler Colfax, and the principles which they represented. The same weapons which Democrats have used since the termination of the war to intimidate Republicans and throw them into contempt—to rouse the prejudices of the Southern people against them—were used on this occasion by Gen. Hamilton, and hurled against the men who had heretofore stood by him in the work of reconstructing Texas, and disseminating Republican principles. He had no word of denunciation for the murderers of innocent Republicans, black and white; he had no censure for the public opinion which ostracises and proscribes a man because of his political opinions; he had nothing but words of conciliation and kindness for such."

We hope Mr. Hamilton may be elected to the utmost obscurity of private life.

PERSONAL.

GERRIT SMITH has given $2,500 to the Oswego (N. Y.) Orphan Asylum.

Lucy Stone is to address a New Hampshire legislative committee in favor of woman suffrage.

Edmond About has received twenty thousand francs from the Emperor Napoleon to write a work on Workingmen's Unions.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott, says *The Commonwealth*, "has been very ill, and has gone to Canada to recuperate. The progress of her novel, 'The Cost of an Idea,' is thus materially delayed."

A Zurich telegram, dated Saturday, June 26th, 1869, says:

"In consequence of the order forbidding Mazzini to reside in certain parts of Switzerland, he to-day departed for London."

Madame Parepa-Rosa will inaugurate a season of English opera in this city, at the Theatre Francais, on the 15th of September. Her repertoire will include the operas of "Oberon," "Puritan's Daughter," "Robin Hood," "Victorine," and a number of other works never before given in this country.

A school to instruct girls thoroughly in various branches which will command for them fair wages, has been conducted in Boston, for two years past, by a Mrs. Bachelder. She now proposes to add to her classes, who have been taught to cut, fit, and repair women's and children's garments, run sewing-machines and the like—instruction in printing, telegraphing, book keeping, and so forth.

The presentation of a life boat, called the Rescue, to Ida Lewis, the Newport Grace Darling, is to form a part of the Independence Day celebration in Newport, R. I., on Saturday, the 3d of July. The presentation address will be made by General Van Zandt, and Colonel T. W. Higginson will reply in behalf of Miss Lewis. The presentation will take place at nine o'clock in the morning, on the Parade, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the boat will be launched, and Miss Lewis will then row to her home at Lime Rock. The Rescue is fourteen feet in length, built of the best materials and finely ornamented.

A correspondent writing from Jackson, Miss., June 14th, says:

"James J. Spelman, Esq., formerly of New York, has been appointed Justice of Peace for the Third District, Madison County, Miss. He will try all cases brought before him in the Court House in Canton. Reliable radical republican leaders speak very confidently of his nomination for the State Senate from the above mentioned county. Mr. Spelman has addressed several large audiences since his arrival in this State, most successfully presenting to the newly enfranchised so high a standard of citizenship as to cause some of our politicians considerable consternation."

At a recent term of the District Court held in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Mrs. Bell A. Mansfield, A. B., of that city, was admitted to the bar and authorized to practice in the Courts of the State. Mrs. M. is a young married lady, about twenty-four years of age, is a graduate of the Iowa Wesleyan University and a lady of a strong mind. Her husband, Prof. J. M. Mansfield, was also admitted at the same time. The Examining Committee appointed by the Court certify that Mrs. Mansfield passed a most eminently satisfactory examination; giving the very best evidence of long and careful study, of excellent application, and a thorough acquaintance with the elementary principles of law.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler in *The National Temperance Advocate* for July, says:

"Dr. Lees of England is winning a handsome and hearty reception wherever he goes. His speech in Cooper Institute, in May, was the strongest piece of logic which has been presented there at a temperance meeting in many a day. The doctor holds his audience by sheer argument and telling blows. Some of his gestures and tones are slightly grotesque, but they only add to the raciness of the man. He is unique in his style and delivery, and never gives his auditors the disagreeable impression that he is merely repeating a "cut and dried", harangue that he has composed and committed to memory—to be retailed at fifty dollars a night. In Boston, his addresses produced a deep impression."

The Washington correspondent of *The Boston Commonwealth* says:

"Charles Stewart, the colored man who at the late city election in Washington officiated as a copperhead stool-pigeon, and was really a subsidized vote-distributor for the Democratico-rebel party, attempting to deceive the unwary by a spurious ticket adroitly made to simulate that of the Republicans in shape and hue, has gone to Baltimore, having been offered, it is said, some official position or employment under the Maryland State government. How the enemies of civil equality are gradually cutting their own noses off! They first opposed the emancipation of the colored race from chattelage; then violently and persistently opposed their enfranchisement. But when Congress had made them voters they sought to bill and coo with them, and endeavored to coax them to vote the Democratic ticket. Failing in this, they then resorted to the discreditable service of seeking to entrap enough into the support of their ticket by hiring an unscrupulous adventurer of their race to cheat them by a bogus ballot, thinking that a victory for copperheadism might be won thereby at an election which they mistakenly supposed would be very close. And afterwards for very consistency's sake, as well as for the show of political gratitude, they are, as it were, compelled to fraternize with some, at least, if not many, of the once despised race! At last, by the stress of circumstances, they will be forced to recognize their manhood and accord to them unquestioned citizenship. Providence often orders affairs in a way that men do not anticipate, and 'taketh the wise in their own craftiness.'"

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 27th, 1869.

I HAD the fortune one day last week, to meet Dr. Appleton—the friend and physician of Theodore Parker during the latter portion of his life, at Rome and Florence. He gave me news of our friend Sarah Remond, who has studied medicine under his care, and who has been regularly admitted as a practitioner of midwifery in Florence, where she is now residing, with excellent prospects of employment and success. Her merit has won her friends on the continent of Europe, as it did in England. On going to Italy, she had excellent letters of introduction from Mazzini, among others. With this satisfactory passport, Dr. Appleton went with her to call on Garibaldi; and though many others were waiting for an interview, they were instantly admitted. Miss Remond is not only well received everywhere in Florence, but she has friends among the very best people there. If these foreigners read American newspapers, can they repress a feeling of contempt at the evidence there displayed that persons of such merit, sense and beauty as our friend are ostracised here on account of their complexion?

One more grand musical entertainment is to be given in the Coliseum, on Tuesday next, as a complimentary benefit to Mr. Gilmore. It is expected that the orchestra as well as the chorus will willingly give their gratuitous services for this occasion, while the railroads favor the project by offering them free transportation. The programme of that day is to consist of the same music as Thursday, in the Jubilee week, containing those patriotic and military pieces which seemed to attract the greatest number of people. No doubt there will be a very large attendance. Then the city engages that building for music, dancing and other sports for the children on the 4th of July. Various other uses will, no doubt, be found for it in the course of the summer; and in September it will furnish a better place by far for the great annual Mechanics' Fair than that institution has ever had before. The symmetrical and roomy arrangement, under one roof, and within one glance of the eye, of the multifarious instruments of power and articles of merchandise that formerly crowded Faneuil Hall and the halls over Quincy Market, would form a new attraction, and draw greater numbers, from a wider range of country, than ever before.

Crossing the Common this morning, among the multitudes who were going, some to church, some to "meeting," and some to stroll in the pleasant summer air, I heard the note of some bird very unusual there. After looking awhile, I discovered a small parrot, green and yellow, sitting on the summit of the Brewer fountain, and making at intervals two sorts of sounds. One, which had first called my attention, was loud and emphatic, apparently an address to the public; then would come, in low tones, a sort of prolonged soliloquy, perhaps his real reflections on that Sunday morning scene. Probably he came from some cage in the neighborhood, and will return to it when the keen demands of appetite return.

The new and comfortable settees which now line the principal walks on the Common are used and enjoyed by great numbers of people. Numerous couples find them convenient for quiet conversation. Of the solitary sitters, some bring newspapers, and occasionally one a book, to read in the open air. To those not thus provided, sundry peripatetic fishers for men hand tracts, sometimes the little colored ones imported from Dublin by the ton, for the use of "Young Men's Christian Associations" (so-called), and sometimes the larger and better printed productions of the "American Tract Society."

It is noticeable that these Sunday tract-distributors almost never have any Sabbatical tracts. As their doctrine is that a walk for recreation on Sunday is wicked, and that he who indulged in it is, by that act, a Sabbath-breaker, one would expect a defence of that doctrine to be at least included in their stock, if not forming a large part of it. They seem, however, to prefer to avoid that subject; not, it is to be feared, from having grown more honest than formerly, but partly, perhaps, because the true Christian doctrine respecting a Sabbath has been widely circulated here in Mr. Nash's pamphlet and Henry Grew's tract; and partly, it may be, because this indefensible part of their system would receive only damage from public discussion, while the routine of the church may be trusted to keep up uniformity of practice on that point among its members.

NORTH.

FROM VIRGINIA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS PUTNAM.

HOLLEY SCHOOL, LOTTSBURG, NORTHUMBERLAND CO., VIRGINIA, June 17th, 1869.

DEAR MR. POWELL:—Two days ago in Washington, one of the most efficient and interesting teachers in the colored schools, gave me a letter to read from a young colored man, a soldier, and a pupil of hers now living in Frankfort, Ky. His lively interest in the work of "our Northern friends," as they speak of those faithful to their cause, led me to say "I will give you THE STANDARD with Frederick Douglass' speech, I happen to have with me, to send to your young friend. It will do him good." Miss Stebbins thanked me so warmly, I instantly thought here is an opening for THE STANDARD, in *Kentucky*, that ought to be availed, and I resolved to ask to have this young man's name added to your list of subscribers to whom THE STANDARD is sent *South*, free. I believe it will be influential in the hands of this man, and help him to grow up to his duty and aspirations for justice to his race. My date reminds me of the "Great Peace Jubilee,' and it is also a day of anxiety for us, as the opponents of the Radical candidate, Mr. Nash, hold a meeting to overthrow, if possible, his nomination.

Your heart would ache to see what a "victim race" these poor people are still in their new responsibilities of *voting*. Pulled and tossed about by every trick and device known to the enemy, under the guise of *Republicanism* and the *Union name*.

Miss Holley is speaking and doing her best to defeat the fraud upon these poor colored men, by the white *Virginians*, who are ignorant, conceited and foolish enough to choose one of their own number to the Legislature instead of a true, steadfast Northern idea'd and principled man who can help *them* so much more. Mr. Nash is the *only* man in Northumberland County that *can* be trusted to secure justice to the colored man, and it is the trick of the white voters (poor whites of course) to pretend that Mr. Nash can't be elected without their vote, and so drive the colored men to support the "native Virginian," who served in the rebel army!

One of these white men, who has been obliging to me, showed his pitiful lack of intelligence (his birthright as a *Virginian*) by declaring to me last evening that *Massachusetts* and South Carolina were the two

meanest States in the Union, and if the country should follow the lead of Massachusetts it would be plunged down to ruin!"

You can see how we have got to work *here*! Especially against this ridiculous Virginia pride that I fear infects even the starved mind, that has been wickedly robbed of education, by the State they boast as theirs. I mean white people.

I need more help in the way of contributions to further our work here. The people are too poor to buy suitable school-books, slates etc., and in every way I am urged and called upon beyond my power to help. * * *

Faithfully yours, CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

DR. PURVIS.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE STANDARD of last week refers to the action of the Medical Society, in Washington, upon an application of my son and Dr. Augusta for membership. I send the enclosed statement, which appeared in the Washington Chronicle in explanation of the matter. Let me, however, by way of premise, say:—That this Devil of Caste, a very omnipresence, as daily events show, alike indicates the wisdom of faithful adherence to pledge and duty of our honored and trusted friends, who are not impatient, or tired in well-doing. "Anti-Slavery work finished! The Nation converted! The existence of the American Anti-Slavery Society an absurdity! (?)" Such language may suit those who are not victims to this living death. What is life to us, when encircled and hampered by this accursed prejudice, we but agonize in the torments of hell, or with deadened sensibilities exist in unservicable barrenness.

ROBERT PURVIS.

[See the statement of Dr. Purvis above referred to; also Dr. Augusta's letter, copied elsewhere from the Washington *Chronicle*. —*Ed.*]

THE WATERLOO YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

[The following Circular Letter was adopted at the meeting of the Friends of Human Progress assembled at Waterloo recently. The vote, though decided was not unanimous, several of the friends deeming that the letter did not do full justice to Spiritualism as a thing of the present, making quite too low an estimate of its actual contribution and value up to this time. Of that number Mr. Stebbins, the President of the Meeting, was one. Aside from this there was, so far as indicated, no dissent, all seeming in full accord as to the views and sentiments generally of the letter].

TO THE FRIENDS ON HUMAN PROGRESS, THE LOOKERS AND WORKERS FOR ENLIGHTENMENT AND LIBERTY SCATTERED ABROAD:—

DEAR BRETHREN:—It seems to us fitting that in this hour we should send you greeting. Never was there such an one before.

The signs of our time indicate plainly changes, great changes, at hand. A new era dawns, a new page is turning in the history of man. All the omens and portents that have foretold the great epochs that have marked signal steps in the growth and advance of the race, are essentially present to-day, and with added emphasis.

Christianity came, proclaimed and prepared by heralds and harbingers, unmistakable preachers in the wilderness, announcing the advent of a new kingdom. The world seemed ripened and stood waiting for its coming. Grecian thought and culture, quickened by fresh contact with the gorgeous East, its wealth of meditation, insight and repose, had taken on new life and inspiration; there was intense mental activity all abroad, the old forms and beliefs had become effete and a juggle, revolting the worshipper; there was a wave of inspiration upon the world, deep soul-longing and prophecy for a larger, higher life. Jesus was the birth of his century, the child of the age, while also Son of Heaven, and the finest ripeness of Jewish thought and love. He had parentage running back not only to Jerusalem, but also to Alexandria and Athens. The wealth of the world was poured into his soul; he met and fulfilled the wants and aspirations of his age—came for them and came of them. Christianity had its origin and found its reception because humanity travailed and humanity expected it.

Circumstances not dissimilar, obtained in Europe, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and proclaimed the reformation. Great improvements in the material condition, increased protection and comforts to physical life and well being, the enlargement of individual and social freedom, invention of printing, the compass, maritime discovery, Copernican astronomy, revival of learning and of thought, awakening in all ways of men's consciousness—these were the parentage from which sprang Luther and the ninety-five theses. He was in the the loins of Faust and Guttenberg. Like facts, doubtless, we should find, could we penetrate the history of that period, in India, in the sixth century before Christ, paving the way for and necessitating the great reform of Buddha. These epochs of human enfranchisement all come through ameliorations and Baptist ministries, making the paths straight and the rough places smooth for the advent of the Most High.

Not less but more distinct, are the omens that mark our time. The old Hebrew word foretold that in the latter day many should run to and fro and knowledge be increased. Never was there such fulfilment as now. The mental activity of to-day is unexampled, wide-ranging, and, what is of far more worth than all, largely charged with practical tendency and fruitful in result. The improvements in the material arts astonish the eye; day by day they stride on, outstripping all anticipation. They bear for man, go to lighten labor, to elevate physical condition, to reduce or abolish the rough toils, and bring liberation. New light is constantly being poured on the relations of man to the earth, the laws of his physical life and well being, the causes of disease, its prevention or cure. Religion is seen more and more a practical affair, concerned with the human creature here and now, seeking his redemption from the bondage of present evils, respecting and reverencing the human body as the appointed shrine and temple for the soul; and so religion, (taking the word in its just sense,) clasps hands with science and warmly welcomes it to this hallowed domain. The telegraph and the steam car are drawing the ends of the earth together, commingling the nations, bringing closest intercommunication, and must unspeakably hasten the hour of universal enfranchisement and union.

Physical science is free and dauntless, breaks utterly with the popular theology, pushes its explorations on every side, and the earth and the heavens are successively and surely yielding up their secrets to its hand. There are no barriers it shall not surmount, no depths of knowledge it shall not penetrate and possess. And all the discoveries shall be laid—ay, are being laid—as votive offerings upon the altar of humanity, made free for the appropriation and enjoyment and exaltation of the race.

The treasures of wisdom from the fields of literature, especially in past ages, are being renewedly sought and cherished. There is unprecedented desire to form acquaintance with the ancient thinkers, the philosopers of the olden time—especially those, as some of them were, who had genuine elevation and insight, earnestly and also successfully seeking to soar to the realm of substance and rest alone in the worship of being. The hints, maxims and scriptures they have left, are being gathered up as precious legacies, profitable for the enrichment and quickening of the spirit. There is now more of a true worship of the life and inspiration of the past in this regard, than our world has ever before seen.

The ethnic Scriptures, too, the ancient sacred books of the Gentile world, are becoming objects of careful study. These records of the religious consciousness and beliefs of the olden time, have for the most part lain unknown and unregarded, deemed unworthy the notice of those who of all men had the sole and final revelation. The very existence of some of them was until lately unsuspected, and it is only within a recent period that the sacred books of the Zoroastrians, of the Brahmins and the Buddhists have been even partially known to a few scholars in Europe. At no previous time has there been to any extent in Christendom the liberality that would approach them with candor and treat them fairly. The prejudices fall away and these books are now being studied and elucidated with great care, and the day is not distant when we may each read them in our own tongue wherein we were born. It is, perhaps, not to be expected, that, when fairly interpreted and brought near, they will enrich our religious literature to the extent that some anticipate; they will doubtless be found partial and unsatisfying; overlaid here and there with darkness and superstitions—mainly, however, the growth of ages subsequent to their first writing—but their study will go far towards infusing catholicity into the mind of Christendom, and breaking the chains of its haughty narrowness and exclusive assumption. Gleams of divinest wisdom, priceless gems of truth shall be found, which must go towards making up the volume of Inspiration and of Life that is some day to be gathered for mankind. As the broken fragments come more and more to light, genuine scriptures shall be seen in all the records, in the oracles of sibyls and priestesses in Greece and Rome, in the liturgies and burial services of the Egyptians, the inscriptions upon their temples and their tombs.

And coupled with this, is the freest examination and criticism of the Christian records, not now unfriendly or in the interest of denial, but of a larger affirmation, a determination to purge away all the dross, eliminate everything partial, temporary or unworthy, and rest in the fact and verity alone. Never were such questions asked, never such stern, searching catechism as now. It is not destructive, but constructive, in its character and tendency. Contributions are constantly being made, from which the SCIENCE OF RELIGION will ere long be successfully treated, the genetic development of the religious idea among men shown, and the relations of the Jewish and Christian religion to others and theirs to it exhibited.

Within the last quarter of a century—we may, indeed, say within the last decade—the languages of the world have been subjected to far more fruitful examination than ever before, and new principles of classification ascertained, deep lines of affinity hitherto unsuspected, uniting tongues remotest in place and frequently in time together in one single stem, discovered. Large progress has been made toward reaching a fundamental Science of Speech, the laws of its origin and entire growth, and this shall quite probably eventuate in the devising of a single universal tongne, which, so far at least as writing is concerned, shall serve as medium of communication for all throughout the globe. Perhaps it will be finally realized again that the whole earth shall be of one lip and one speech. How much a universal written language will facilitate the advancement of man, the diffusion of light and knowledge, and the blending of the race into one brotherhood of humanity,—all may somewhat anticipate, none can foresee.

Besides these facts we name here one other, which to us seems not least significant—the faith that has found its expression in the beliefs of so-called Spiritualism. As a thing of to-day, an historic result, Spiritualism is partial and poor enough, crude and earthly, needing to become more ethereal and unsensuous, in all ways more spiritual. Under illusion, it may be in its impressions of the nature and source of the phenomena it dwells so upon. Still, we may accept it as a testimony, a declaration, of the quenchless faith of the soul, a confession of the increasing longing to penetrate to that realm of substance, where is unbroken possession, where no death can interpose and no charge withdraw. It is prophecy—dim, perhaps, and unconscious to itself, of a larger life, a deeper and more inward communion and fellowship that man shall have with the abiding; a communion that shall reach all the real of past and present, shall feel the throb of humanity throughout the ages, the warm breath of souls upon him, and shall leave the spirit, in the midst of whatever solitudes, never alone. It shall be more a communion with the substance than the form, with the spirit, with qualities than the person, and shall be coextensive with time and history. The last enemy, death, shall be destroyed, for such the intimacy of fellowship and possession that no blight, no removal can touch it. Then shall be no night, for the light of the perpetual presence shall yield one unbroken day. There shall be constant stay and repose; no withdrawal, no separation, no sorrow. As the dim intimation of this, the child's groping and unarticulated prophecy, we assign its place and value to Spiritualism. Little as yet historically, important potentially, the forecast shadow of something yet to be.

We note also that in the preaching of many of our pulpits, there has been of late years a great transformation. It is made indefinitely more practical, homecoming and natural than formerly, emphasizing the present and every day duties, respecting the intelligence and the reason, addressing the true reverence of man, that awe and love in one, which always arises in presence of the great commanding laws, the divine ideal of the soul.

These things we view as omens of a new day, harbingers of the dispensation that is to be. Coming latest, it must be the best of all history, a reformation greater than protestant, greater than Christian. All the past shall pale before it, the highest prophecy hitherto be found but its faintest intimation. It must be the finest bloom of all civilizations, the ripe fulfilment and fruitage of every culture and piety. It shall plant upon nothing outer, no historic name or any book or institution, but rest in the inner and living, worshiping the ideal possibilities. It shall recognize and use gratefully the symbolic, drawing from it its full worth and inspiration, but holding all subordinate to the higher—soaring from shadow to substance, from time to the eternal. It shall sanctify existence, make every hour hallowed, every work an inspiration and a song.

What shall be the mode of this life, what specific organization and institutions it shall take on, none can foretell. This belongs to the sealed volume, to be opened only by time. It must be large as liberty, spontaneous as love, natural as speech, practical as character, high as truth and grand as excellence. The spirit taketh on such form as pleaseth it. We may well leave the details and specific adjustments, to the hour, to the spontaneous inspirations and promptings of the mind.

We do not flatter ourselves that this kingdom of light and redemption has already come, or is at the door. Long reaches of time may stretch between us and it; wearisome marches of humanity must needs be made ere the approach is possible. Arduous conflicts are yet to be fought; preachings there must be in the wilderness, and ministries of manifold repentance. Great questions of labor, of social order, of the apportionment of the tasks of life, adjustment of the sanctions and rewards, the arranging of all the relations so that existence shall, for each individual, net the utmost for use, freedom, blessedness—these are looming up among us and lie to be solved. Many groan under the inequalities, and the full deliverance, however slowly and painfully, is to be wrought out. Our country, in abolishing slavery, moved thereto in large part by the divine necessities, seems but to have just opened the questions that are to agitate, and perhaps to rock and convulse it for years and ages. The main battle remains yet to be fought; we have only thus far seen the first shots of the skirmish. A higher fidelity, a loftier devotion to truth and the absolute right, is a pressing need, even among Friends of Progress. Work, work, stern, unremitting, is and must be our allotment here. It is ever the same old world to live in, with its trials and pressures, and the advances, marvellous, as seen at intervals, they may appear, are all wrought gradually, through individual effort, through continuous sweat and toil. There are ever stakes to be contended for, and the amelioration is conditioned upon a steadfast fidelity of the true and chosen. Friends of Progress have quite other business to do than spend their lives singing pæans to progress, and glorifying and exulting in the good time coming. *We* may fall in our armor; we and our children after us, may all die, not having received the promises.

But sure as there is faith on the earth, and hands and hearts to labor and to suffer, the destiny shall not fail. The prophecy upon the iron leaf shall all be fulfilled. In the fullness of time it shall visit and illumine the world. We therefore take to ourselves, and we bid you, our brothers, trust and cheer. The salvation is nearer than when first we believed. We will look and wait for the hour of man's majority, the full enfranchisement and peace. We will look for the Religion that shall be perfect freedom and perfect faithfulness, the dispensation of truth and grace, that shall enrich, bless and hallow all our life. For the Church that shall be Church of Humanity, with its communions and its sacraments of blessing, deep as the soul, broad as the world and rich as history. It must have the universe for its temple, normal human life for its orison, its psalm of worship, its incense-offering to the Most High. In the plentitude of that enrichment, perhaps the name religion will pass away, and language find no word to describe a fact so large and all-sufficing, save it be the life, the beatitude of the soul. In behalf of the Waterloo Yearly Meeting.

GILES B. STEBBINS, President.

WILLIAM BARNES, MARY BOWDISH, } Secretaries.

WATERLOO, N. Y., June, 1869.

A "Metaphysical Club" is to be started in London. Dean Stanley is active in it, and among those who have joined are several of the liberal clergy, Profs. Huxley and Tyndall, and James Martineau. An attempt will be made to secure a few Comtists if they will come. Such clubs are very popular in England. The Political Economy Club is always well attended, and one called the Century is quite a meeting-place for writers and discontented spirits of the political and philosophical classes. They are not open every day, like the political ones, but meet on certain set days, when the talk is free, and when men who have known each other in literature exchange thoughts and criticisms in the way of friendly chat. The Boston Radical Club is very much like them in its organization.

MISS GALTON AND THE STAGE.

THE following letter, clipped from the *Philadelphia Morning Post*, is from the pen of a Philadelphian who is well-known to the readers of THE STANDARD, and who, though of Quaker antecedents and connections, is an enthusiastic advocate of the stage "as it should be." In a note to us referring to Miss Galton the writer says: "There are so few plays and players wholly unobjectionable that it is our duty to stand by those who are, and it is an easy thing to do so when we find them accompanied by so much purity, grace and power as Miss Galton has."

MISS GALTON AND THE STAGE.

To the Editor of The Post:

Sir:—For a generation our community has had no attraction on the stage so worthy of encouragement as the "Galton Troupe," the bright particular star of which is "Our Susan," as you so affectionately call Miss Galton. The assertion is broad, but we mean it in all seriousness. The drama belongs to the good, the happy, the enlightened—the progressive, too, if you choose. A theatre should be so conducted as to minister to their qualities, making the happy more happy, and leading those who despond into the sunlight of cheerfulness. Crime and vice should never be represented on the stage, and only referred to to be denounced. Tragedy being a deformity of our nature, and requiring the worst passions to portray, must be displaced by pictures of a true social life. Now, our "great actors" are those who can best represent nature when distorted. In the future the best will be those who can best represent the higher qualities of our nature. Miss Susan Galton—unconsciously it may be and without a premeditated plan—is doing much to influence the people in the right path.

Young, very beautiful, with overflowing grace, dignified, a serene self-control, modest in her whole deportment, gifted with a clear, rich and melodious voice, that we think has no superior, this little English girl combines just the qualities to make the drama popular with that great multitude of our people who, though seeking healthy excitement, shrink intuitively from most of our theatrical representations. What is needed to make her representations complete, finished, is that some one of our most talented authors should prepare a play for her suited to her great gifts. It should be some one familiar with the part, not ignoring the good to be culled from the present, but particularly one in full sympathy with the progressive and humanitarian elements of to-day so as to be able to anticipate the wants of the future.

When Captain Waldover, of St. Louis, translated for Miss Maggie Mitchell her play of "The Cricket," he not only enriched her, but did the public a great service. Here comes to us a greater than Miss Mitchell, inasmuch as she teaches on the wings of song.

In listening to Miss Galton, watching her graceful motions and her arch and pretty ways, we have said to ourselves, "What an age will that be when in every-day life such scenes shall be common."

From time to time there comes to a people some richly endowed being who seems as a special encouragement to those who have faith in the prediction that the *Earth shall* some day be as we picture Heaven. What a responsibility must those have to whom God has imparted such rare gifts.

The Stage is an impressive educator. The Fine Arts may soften, the Pulpit mould, the Press instruct, the Platform enlighten; but it is from the Stage the masses get vitality.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

THIS circular shows that the French Government has repented of its error in excluding girls from a share in the benefits of technical education, but, as Mr. Drury seems to be aware, it will take many years to establish technical schools for girls all over the country. In the meanwhile, as the women now employed in trades requiring skill and a knowledge of art die off, their places will be filled by men. In some trades women will probably cease to be employed at all, and when once a trade has been closed to women, it is exceedingly difficult for them to get into it again. If we are not too proud to learn from our neighbor's mistakes, we shall endeavor to establish technical education for boys and girls at the same time. To build separate schools and colleges would be a great expense, and as there is fortunately but little prejudice in England against the instruction of boys and girls under the same roof, there is no reason for undertaking the expense. All that would be required would be a few paid lady superintendents in each school or college to preserve order, and the fees paid by the girls would probably more than suffice for this purpose. The lecture and school rooms would have to be built to accommodate a larger number of pupils than would be required if boys only were admitted, but the expense of larger rooms would be slight compared to the great benefits which would be conferred on the girls, and girls as well as boys have a moral claim to the benevolent consideration of the public. If these schools should be erected by public subscription it is probable that ladies would subscribe; girls would therefore have a further claim on that ground. If they should be built and maintained by local taxation and Government grants, the claim of girls would be still stronger, as women ratepayers and taxpayers would be compelled to contribute their share towards the expense. Besides the actual female ratepayers there would also be a considerable number of men ratepayers who have daughters but no sons, or whose sons would go into occupations which are independent of technical instruction, while their daughters would be glad to avail themselves of such instruction. As these men would have to pay the tax for technical education, it would be only just that their daughters should receive a share of the benefits which the tax is intended to confer.—*The Englishwoman's Review.*

OBITUARY.

LOUISA HUMPHREY.

HOPEDALE, JUNE 14th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

ON Saturday last, June 12th, Miss Louisa Humphrey, well-known to many of your readers, departed to the spirit life, at the age of 69 years.

Miss Humphrey was among the early advocates of the Anti-Slavery cause; an earnest friend, by nature, to every philanthropic movement of the age. She possessed a comprehensive and inquiring mind, and few subjects of human interest escaped her attention. Only her constitutional modesty, and a retiring disposition which shrank from public notice, prevented her from being ranked among the foremost agitators for human rights in this country. She was an early friend and co-worker, in her humble way, with one of the truest and bravest women on this continent—Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster—and with other of the early abolitionists, opening her heart and extending her hospitality to a cause and its pioneer advocates at a time that tried the souls of men and women. With the humble list of quiet, unobtrusive workers in the cause of humanity, who are too apt to be overlooked amid the heat and smoke of the battle, we are willing to leave her name to gather its brightness, now that the grave has closed between us and the record of her good deeds. I am sure that her numerous personal friends, in New England and elsewhere, as well as her bereaved relatives, will respond to this imperfect tribute to the memory of one of the truest and noblest, if not foremost women of our times. And I am even more confident that we may safely trust her virtues with the emancipated slave and the outcast everywhere—the Hester Vaughns of our own social state—those "poor, poor dumb mouths that have none to speak for them," but who found in the broad sympathies of our friend, an unstinted charity.

She possessed also a keen sense of justice, and though she did not ascend the platform of the public speaker, like—

"—*her*, whose daring spirit did the God-given right inherit,
Scorching words and withering sarcasm upon error's head to pour,
With such sure and searching meaning that no poor and paltry screening
Of sophistry could save it from the scorn her missiles bore,"

she yet made her voice heard and her example extensively felt in private life.

She was a subscriber to every liberal cause as it came up, not excepting the later cause of the emancipation of Labor. While the claims of *woman* were nearest her heart, and she felt most keenly the oppression and degradation of her own sex, she saw the important issues of Capital and Labor and only shrank from the inevitable moral conflict through an overwhelming sense of the almost utter hopelessness of attempting a radical revolution. In the midst of conflicting sects and parties, she longed for freedom and the society of the free, and her sudden departure will be lamented by a large circle of friends and relatives. There will be many a vacant chair in many a household, where she was wont to make her welcome visits, and to shed the liberal influence of her earnest and inquiring spirit.

From her own congenial home, in her brother Wm. H. Humphrey's family in Hopedale, amid the green landscapes, the balmy air, the bloom of flowers and the songs of birds, our venerated sister has made her transit, we trust, to the home of the true and the beautiful, and the society of philanthropists and moral heroines.

B. J. B.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The list of States which have ratified the Amendment, we believe, is as follows:

MISSOURI,	March 1, 1869. (Defective).*
KANSAS,	February 27th,
NORTH CAROLINA,	March 5, 1869.
WEST VIRGINIA,	" 3, "
MASSACHUSETTS,	" 9-12 "
WISCONSIN,	" 9, "
MAINE,	" 12, "
LOUISIANA,	" 5, "
MICHIGAN,	" 8, "
SOUTH CAROLINA,	" 16, "
PENNSYLVANIA,	" 26, "
NEW YORK,	April 14, "
ALABAMA,	
ILLINOIS,	
MINNESOTA,	
IOWA,	
NEBRASKA,	
ARKANSAS,	
NEVADA,	
CONNECTICUT,	
INDIANA,	
FLORIDA,	
RHODE ISLAND—Senate.	

The Amendment has been rejected by

DELAWARE.

Georgia, not competent, until "reconstructed" again, to either ratify or to reject the Amendment, has gone through the form of rejecting it.

*Missouri failed to act upon the second section.
—†Kansas the second section was imperfect when ratified.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

CONCORD, N. H., Tuesday, June 29.

The Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment has passed the House, and is made the order for Thursday next in the Senate.

[For the Anti-Slavery Standard].

SEWING ROSE-BUDS.

A LITTLE girl, in her wilful moods
Mother nature oft opposing,
Carefully sewing moss rose-buds
To keep them from unclosing.

A maiden turning from youth away
In unavailing sorrow;
Fain would she linger in to-day,
And aye postpone to-morrow.

A weary woman loosing the thread
Of her years like rose-leaves wasted;
Ever the Present she clung to, fled,
Ever the Future hasted.

M. R. W.

The editor of the New York *Observer* is moved to say: "When you call on a man of business attend to your business and leave him to attend to his. No man is more pressed for time than a pastor or editor; therefore, brethren, be short when you break in upon either of them in their hours of work. You ask, when you come in, 'Are you at leisure?' *They are never at leisure.* Every moment of their time that you consume drives their work into the night when no man can work."

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

TO THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE, LAW, AND ORDER, IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE moral, social, and political evils of Intemperance, and the non-enforcement of the Liquor Laws, are so fearful and prominent, and the causes thereof are so entrenched and protected by governmental authority and party interest, that the suppression of these evils calls upon the Friends of Temperance; and the duties connected with home, religion, and public peace, demand that old political ties and associations shall be sundered, and a distinct political party, with Prohibition of the Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks as the most prominent feature, should be organized.

The distinctive political issues that have for years past interested the American people are now comparatively unimportant or fully settled, and in this aspect the time is auspicious for a decided and practical effort to overcome the dread power of the Liquor Trade.

The undersigned do therefore earnestly invite all Friends of Temperance and the enforcement of law, and favorable to distinct political action for the promotion of the same, to meet in general mass convention, in the CITY OF CHICAGO, on WEDNESDAY, the 1st DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1869, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of organizing for distinct political action for Temperance.

All Churches, Sunday Schools, and Temperance Societies of all names, are requested to send Delegates, and all persons favorable to this movement are invited to meet at the time and place above stated. (Signed):

R. M. Foust, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. H. Orne, Marblehead, Mass.; Joshua Wadsworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.; S. W. Hodges, Boston, Mass.; J. A. Spencer, Cleveland, Ohio; R. C. Bull, Philadelphia Pa.; H. D. Cushing, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Peter Stryker, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Joshua Nye, Waterville, Me.; Rev. Samuel McKean, Cambridge, N. Y.; T. M. Van Court, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. G. D. Stearns, Clearwater, Minn.; Wm. Hargraves, M. D. Reading, Pa.; D. W. Gage, Ames, Iowa; Rev. J. C. Stoughton, Chicago, Ill.; P. Mason, Somerville, N. J.; Rev. Edwin Thompson, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Elnathan Davis, Fitchburg, Mass.; Ebenezer Bowman, Taunton, Mass.; B. E. Hale, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. F. Forbes, Cincinnati, Ohio; Samuel Foljambe, Cleveland, Ohio; L. B. Silver, Salem, Ohio; Hon. O. P. Downs, Warsaw, Ind.; G. N. Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. C. H. Merrick, Cleveland, Ohio; Jay Odell, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. Wm. C. Hendrichson, Bristol, Pa.; Enoch Passmore, Kennett Square, Pa.; Neal Dow, Portland; Me.; Rev. John Russell, Detroit, Mich.; James Black, Lancaster, Pa.; Charles Jewett, Pomona, Tean; Rev. James B. Dunn, Boston, Mass.; Rev. George Lansing Taylor, New York City; Hon. John O'Donnell, Lowville, N. Y.; Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, Franklin, Mass.; Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, D. D., Athens, Tenn.; Peterfield Trent, M. D., Richmond, Va.; J. N. Sterns, New York City; Rev. Wm. Hosmer, Auburn, N. Y.; Rev. S. H. Platt, Brookiyn, N. Y.; S. T. Montgomery, Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. G. H. Ball, Buffalo, N. Y.; Geo. P. Burwell, Cleveland, Ohio; G. N. Abbey, Cleveland, Ohio; Luther S. Cauffman, Minersville, Pa.; A. T. Proctor, Cleveland, Ohio; George S. Twambling, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio; H. V. Horton, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rev. Moses Smith, Xenia, Ohio; Gen J. S. Smith, Kingston, N. Y.; T P. Hunt, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; D. R. Pershing, Warsaw, Ind.; Geo. Gabel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Wm. H. Fries, Clifton, Pa.; S. J. Coffin, Easton, Pa., and many others.

LITERARY.

WOMAN IN PRISON. By Caroline H. Woods. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1869. pp. 193.

This small, paper-covered neatly-printed book, though published in this city, as above, was printed in Cambridge, Mass., and entered by the author in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts. It is a plain, straightforward, credible, even probable story, purporting to relate the writer's own experience as Matron of a Penitentiary, in her part of which women were confined. It does not appear how long the writer staid in this institution. It seems not to have been very long. But she left it with impaired health, the result of excessive labor, made excessive by a shirking of all duty by the wife of the "Master" of the institution, who put off upon other, and poorly paid officials, the whole of the work for the presumed discharge of which she (or her husband for her) received a comfortable salary and luxurious quarters.

The writer represents herself as having taken this situation not merely to obtain employment, but prompted by a wish to help the unfortunate women confined there by friendliness, sympathy, encouragement in efforts to improve, and instruction in the means of improvement. Her efforts in this direction had not only to be carried on alone, without help or favor from the Master and his wife, but under all the difficulties of discouragement and opposition from them whenever plans for the welfare of the prisoners interfered with the comfortable quietude of the latter, or with the profitable accomplishment of that "contract work" by the amount of which the former recommended himself to his employers.

The narrative seems written for the purpose of calling public attention to a heartless and cruel method of managing a great public institution, where the souls of the inmates seem utterly sacrificed to the calculating selfishness of one man and one woman.

Among the representations made by Mrs. Woods as coming within her own knowledge in the management of this institution are that the food of the prisoners, is systematically not only unpalatable but scanty; that the demeanor of the "Master" towards the women under his charge is sometimes violent and brutal; that, between the withdrawal of girls accomplished in embroidery to do ornamental needlework for the Master's wife and daughters, and the employment of all able-bodied ones in the profitable "contract-work," the force remaining for the necessary service of the house is shamefully scanty and shamefully overworked; that the cells are overrun with rats and bugs, the latter being abundant even immediately after the annual cleaning and white-washing; that there is frequent use, to the prisoners, by some of the officers, of that "irritating language" which is expressly forbidden by the rules; and that there is a general disregard, in the daily intercourse of most of the officers with those prisoners, of all attempt to lead or help them into any reform in manners and customs, or any improvement of character. According to her representation, the daily life of the institution is far more adapted to make its inmates worse, than the "chapel services" to make them better.

The name of the institution in question is not mentioned in this book; but *many* circumstances give ground for the opinion that the "House of Correction" at South Boston, of which Capt. Charles Robbins is "Master," is referred to. We will notice the coincidence of a few of these circumstances with statements occurring in the last annual Report of the House of Correction in South Boston for the financial year 1867-8.

Poor and scanty diet, for prisoners who are at the same time overworked, is one of Mrs. Woods' specifications.

The "Report" for the year above-mentioned shows a decrease in the cost of the establishment, of 23 cents per week, for each inmate, below the expense of the preceeding year.—p. 19.

Mrs. Woods, complaining that not only the comfort, but the health and improvement of the prisoners were disregarded in comparison with pecuniary considerations, says:

"To get a large amount of contract-work done, and show the figures that were received for it, was the Master's way of recommending himself to the Board of Directors; and it was what enabled him to keep his place."—p. 131.

The "Report" of the Board of Directors, boasting of the pecuniary results of that very style of management which Mrs. Woods shows to include such serious drawbacks, opens and closes as follows:—

"HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

"This Institution, under the efficient guardianship of Capt. Robbins, is unequalled in discipline and effectiveness. The energy of his character stimulates others to duty, while the hum of industry is music to his ears. By reference to the statistics this will be found to be in some degree a remunerative institution. Prison labor brings more wages than before, and the product is largely increased. A large amount has, during the year, been received as income, *which will be increased the coming season.* * * * No one of our public institutions comes so nearly to being self-supporting as this; and, if the increase of income shall continue in the same ratio, but a few years will elapse before it can be maintained at comparatively small expense to the city.

"Respectfully submitted,

"J. P. Bradlee, *President.*"

The cells in this institution are of bare stone, chilly and unfavorable to health in their best estate. Among the evils of discipline of which Mrs. Woods complains are these, that certain acts of disobedience are punished by taking away the beds of the prisoners, so that their sleep at night, if any, must be on the cross-bars of the iron bedstead or on the bare stone floor; and that certain under-officials have—*and use*—the power of revenging themselves on prisoners they dislike by taking away part of their supply of bed-clothes. The natural effect of these things on the health of the prisoners is obvious. It is not strange, under these circumstances, that Capt. Robbins should say, in his last Report, above referred to—

"The prevailing disease, *as usual*, has been consumption; in almost every case contracted before they came here."—p. 66.

Mrs. Woods' narrative mentions that the "Duputy," the second officer of the Institution, was changed while she was there.

Capt. Robbins's Report, for the year above mentioned, speaks of having lost, that year, the services of his "Deputy."—pp. 67.—8.

Mrs. Woods seems to think the "Master's hardness of heart accounted for by the fact of his very long term of service as administrator of such an institution. Capt. Robbins has occupied that position there nearly or quite from the beginning, forty years or more.

In a place where so many women are habitually confined, and worked, *and punished*, it seems needful that *some* women, at least, should be on the Board of Directors.

The Woman's Advocate for July is an excellent number, presenting articles from some of our best authors. Mrs. Hooker very happily propounds and answers the query "Are we Worse than our Grandmothers?" Mrs. Frances D. Gage contributes a story about "Old Maids," which points to the rights of woman as a moral; Mrs. C. H. Dall warns against "Breakers;" Wm. P. Tomlinson, under the title of "Lost" makes a touching appeal for our fallen Magdalens; R. W. Hume treats of "Modern Wars and Warriors;" Wendell Phillips in an article on "The Fifteenth Amendment," which we reprint on our first page, shows the folly and inconsistency of opposing it in the effort to secure the passage of the much desired Sixteenth Amendment; Lillie B. Chace writes ably and well on a similar theme—"The Fifteenth *versus* the Sixteenth Amendment." We quote the following paragraph:

"Would we then desire women to wait, to brood in silence over the wrongs of centuries, while men of all races receive the franchise? By no means. This cause is as holy as any other. We only desire that these two divisions of one army, fighting under the one banner of Equality, strong only in virtue of the self-same truth, whose 'changing affluence' alone differs in these questions of race and sex, should not turn their arms against each other. Work together or separately, but in God's name work not in opposition to each other."

Col. Richard J. Hinton gives interesting facts concerning "Women in Tunis." On the authority of our late Consul there, Hon. Amos Perry, it is said that "Female advocates are found at Tunis, whose distinct office it is to manage the cases of female plantiffs and defendents coming before the highest tribunal in the land, and also to plead the cause of condemned female criminals, who are subjected to unreasonable sufferings in their cells. There are at Tunis three of these professional advocates, one of whom I heard make an effective appeal to the Bey, at a regular session of his Court."

The Editorial Department, Notes, Home Intelligence and Literary, make up the rest of this very useful magazine.

The Radical for July, just received, contains: "Margaret Fuller," by Mary R. Whittlesey; "To M. F. O." by Kate D. May; "Personal Theism," A Conversation, by A. Bronson Alcott; "The Parting," by Henry B. Blackwell; "The Paradox of Spiritualism," by F. Stahl Patterson; "From the Country;" "Carl Wrensler's Report of Himself and Others. VI.", Notes, etc.

RECEIVED.

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS IN FRANCE, GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND, OR, EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST IN EUROPE. By Edward Gould Buffum. 310 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE QUESTION SETTLED. A careful comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism. By Moses Hull. 235 pp. Boston: William White & Co.

ALICE VALE; A STORY OF THE TIMES. By Lois Waisbrooker. 255 pp. Boston: William White & Co.

THE NEWCOMES. Memoirs of a most respectable family. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. With Illustrations by the author. 202 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD. A story of Lippe-Detmold. With illustrations by C. G. Bush. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Galaxy for July. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Lippincott's Magazine for July. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Atlantic Monthly for July. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Putnam's Magazine for July. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

Our Young Folks for July, Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The Little Corporal for July. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewall.

The New York Teacher for July. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

THE TEMPORARY HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN at 24 Kneeland street, Boston, has now in charge two colored boys, about six years of age,—twins,—both interesting and capable; one remarkably bright and worthy of the best education. They are there waiting to be taken, or adopted by some family. No one who sees them fails to be struck with their noticeable ability. If any reader of this knows of any one wishing to adopt them, please address Mrs. Gwynn, No. 24 Kneeland street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Special Notices.

PREMIUMS.

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

CLUB RATES.

We will hereafter send *The Radical* ($4.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, each one year to old, or new subscribers, the two for $5.50;—

The Woman's Advocate ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $4.00;—

The Herald of Health ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50;—

Merry's Museum ($1.50 a year) and THE STAND

Miscellaneous Department.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up and through the long shady lane,
Where the quails whistle loud in the wheatfields
That are yellow with the ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson blood of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles in the sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and the chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

A JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC.

LETTER FROM MRS. M. J. SAXTON.

[In April last Gen. Rufus Saxton, was assigned a new post of duty at Portland, Oregon. An interesting account of their journey thither from the pen of Mrs. Saxton, we have much pleasure in presenting to our readers.—Ed.]

PORTLAND, Oregon, May 13th, 1869.

DEAR —— ——:—At last very pleasantly settled after our long journey in one of the most charming towns for its size that I ever saw, with gardens on all sides blossoming with every variety of the rose, —with gas lamps at our corners,—with long blocks of handsome residences and cosy cottages stretching from the Willamette river to the foot of the hills, with finely built stores, banks, warehouses and wharves,—and with the noise of carriages rattling over Nicholson pavement,—we can scarcely realize that we are in Oregon,—Oregon which has always seemed so unapproachable, vast and solitary, only the home of lofty mountains, bears, deer and Indians. The bears and deer have retreated some distance before the advance of civilization here, while the only Indians visible are a few on our streets, meek, ragged and dirty. But the everlasting hills remain; for Mt. Hood, forty-five miles east of us, and Mt. St. Helens seventy miles north, first greet our eyes as we step on the piazza; their slopes covered with snow seeming even from this distance to glisten in the sunlight, while their lofty peaks, snow-capped and wreathed with their mists, rise 15,000 feet in silent and majestic beauty. I can scarcely believe that anything looking so cool as Mt. Hood could send forth smoke, and the residents here say it never has, though vapors sometimes curl about its summit in a manner resembling smoke, and it really has a crater which occasionally makes a little noise. But these grand mountains are not the only attractions here. The climate is said to be the most salubrious and delightful in the world, the valleys of the Columbia and Willamette are capable of producing almost every fruit and vegetable, and remarkable for the beauty of their scenery. Farmland and city lots bring good prices since the building of the Pacific Railroad became a certainty, the owners of course looking to their future value. And I believe there is no doubt about the destiny of Portland, with these fertile valleys adjacent, itself at the head of navigation, and with a railroad in project connecting it with that great iron belt which now unites our continent.

We read our telegrams describing the ceremonies and rejoicings in the East which celebrated its completion, but I think that iron rail must be travelled over before the grandeur and extent of one of the most gigantic enterprises of our age can be conceived of or appreciated; and I share with the writer in the April number of the *Atlantic*, in his feelings of pride and pleasure in being among the first who have made the journey over it.

In giving you a brief sketch of our trip, Omaha seems to be the proper place from which to start. We left that flourishing but youthful city in the afternoon of the 19th of April, and towards evening crossed the treacherous North Platte river with its dangerous quick-sands, and about the fertility of which valley there appear to be diverse opinions; but with irrigation it can undoubtedly be made productive. The next day we were apparently travelling over a level country, but were really steadily rising, as at twilight we found ourselves at the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, and caught our first glimpse of the mountains themselves in the distance, covered with snow; and here also we saw a herd of antelopes scampering towards the hills on our approach. Fort Laramie, a town of low wooden shanties of about two thousand inhabitants, and the last station on the road where a good meal is to be procured,—we reached in time for supper.

The next day we were still ascending the plane, the air becoming so raw and penetrating, that all who had colds found them on the increase. All the next day the ascent continued, until at Sherman, we had attained the extreme elevation of 8,500 feet at Evan's Pass, having had a heavy storm of snow and hail howling around us for twelve hours. At dark we reached Wahsatch where the great tunnel is yet uncompleted, and the track being laid around it temporarily, it was not considered safe to travel over at night. There was no place at this station where women could be accommodated for the night, but a colored man in charge of an old stationary sleeping car had berths to let, and we were obliged to leave our train; walking a square through the snow, our arms filled with carpet bags, lunch baskets, shawls, etc. There we found to our great satisfaction a stove with a good fire in it; and unpacking our lunch basket, our patent tea and coffee pot and condensed milk, we soon experienced the soothing influence of the cup that "cheers but not inebriates." This was our last sleeping car on the Union Pacific.

In all the beauty of a bright, clear, bracing morning we left Wahsatch; and it is to be hoped for the pleasure of the traveller that the start from here may always be made in the morning, as the whole region through to the valley of the Salt Lake abounds in scenes of beauty, novelty, grandeur, and points of interest; among the first of which are the canons, so narrow sometimes, that we seemed almost to graze the projecting boulders, and the rocks towering up many feet in height on both sides. At Echo canon are immense coal mines; the coal of a superior quality, and in such vast quantities as will be sufficient for all the demands of the railroad. The grimy miners ran from the shafts to see the train, and rolled down large lumps for our examination. At Echo station, a sound is said to be heard repeated seven times; and in the vicinity is the point fortified by Brigham Young in 1857 in expectation of an attack from the United States forces. It is the principal pass through the mountains, and consequently commands the entrance to the region of the Saints. High rocks rise perpendicularly on each side, and in the crevices Young had rifle pits constructed, while on the summit of the rocks large stones were piled to hurl down on the attacking force.

One wonderfully grand sight on this day's route is a point on Webber river, where the river rushes and dashes down a steep declivity and leaps between an opening made by two steep rocks over two hundred feet high; forming indeed a mammoth gateway, and called "The Devil's Gate."

We were considerably delayed here, waiting for the construction trains to pass us with their ties, rails and employés. We at last arrived at Corrinne, the terminus then of the Union Pacific, and here took the stage to make the connection to the Central Pacific, a distance then of forty-five miles. What a ride that was! Did we ever before have any knowledge of the elasticity of these bodies of ours! We started at noon, not stopping to ascertain if we could get dinner in any of the canvas-constructed lager beer saloons or grocery stores which compose the town, but obliged to take our places in the stage immediately. However we depended on our lunch basket, but we soon found, after riding a short distance, how vain were such anticipations. There had just been a heavy rain, lasting a month, the driver said, and when he wished to avoid a particularly large mud hole, he drove us over the sage prairies, which were just as much to be dreaded, the roots being stout and thick. We possessed ourselves of all the straps and bands we could lay hold on and were obliged to be resignedly jolted and bumped and bruised to the end of our drive at midnight. We changed horses twice at two more canvas settlements with nothing but whiskey and grocery signs visible, and such rough looking residents that we were glad to leave them as night approached. But as we stopped to rest the horses on several hills, we were amply repaid for our joltings, by the lovely views we had of the valleys below us, the last rays of the sun lingering lovingly on them, the long ranges of mountains stretching miles and miles away, the long emigrant train slowly toiling along the road we had left, and an occasional curl of smoke issuing from some pioneer's cabin, towards which we sent our good wishes.

We reached the terminus of the Central Pacific at midnight, but instead of the passenger train, we found only a locomotive with a caboose attached. Into this mother and I climbed by means of a pile of mails bags. The car was small, but in it our party, our baggage, the mail bags and the men in charge were packed till the next morning. Near here, not the least remarkable evidence of the energy displayed by the Central Pacific in overcoming the natural obstacles in the way of their enterprise, is the bringing of fresh water for their engine across these alkali plains from the mountains; in some cases for fifteen and twenty miles through aqueducts made by boring through logs cut from the forests of the Sierras.

After travelling a short distance that night we found ourselves in the morning at the head of the Great Salt Lake, its waters a deep blue and its island of mountains rising from its centre. All day we remained along the margin of the lake, enjoying the view, and the long rest in a palace car belonging to Gen. Crocker, the Superintendant of the Central Pacific, and kindly sent by him for the General's use, and to make our connection with the regular passenger train at Elko. We walked over the parched, cracked soil to the edge of the Lake, intending to wash in its waters, but could not approach quite near enough, as it became marshy; so we were obliged to be content with picking some weeds with a yellow blossom trying courageously to live on this sterile soil. Below here the next day we saw the first of the Chinese in camps, and as it was early in the morning and on Sunday, we surprised several hundreds at their toilets, some washing, some plaiting their cues, while some performed that service for the others. Again our car was switched off waiting for the construction trains the whole day. But the detention gave us no concern, for we were at the foot of the Humboldt Mountains and luxuriated in the peace and quiet of that Sunday, meriting so well Heber's description:

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

We walked a half a mile to the Humbolt river to hunt for some trout lines which we were told the Snake Indians had there, but we found neither Indians nor lines, and were debating a climb up some of the easiest slopes when our locomotive whistle summoned us back. In an hour or two we reached Elko, which, besides being a prominent railroad station, is also the starting point for stages to White Pine County, where are the new silver mines. We heard these mines constantly discussed on the way from this place. Mining there is said to have been carried on to a greater extent and with more successful results for the short time since its discovery than in any other of the mining districts of Nevada or California. We passed one station where the ore was piled up on the platform in several hundred large bags.

From Elko to the base of the Sierra Nevadas is another portion of the route the traveller would like to pass over in the day time, as, from the car window, there is one long panorama of the Blue Hills, the rivers at their base, towering palisades, little canvas towns struggling into importance, and Indian camps; the painted squaws dancing about to quiet the little screaming papoose strapped on their shoulders.

That night we commenced the ascent of the Sierra Nevadas, and at daylight found ourselves on their summit, at an elevation of over 7,000 feet, the snow covering the slopes and the branches of the pines. We were soon passing through those great snow sheds, built of heavy planks and continuing for a distance of over thirty miles. In a few hours we had left all traces of snow, and in our perilous descent, beheld with awe and wonder the quarried precipices around which our train crept slowly; the fathomless gorges covered with verdure, cascades leaping down the mountains, and a wonderful canal winding around the mountains and over sixty miles long; the water being used for mining purposes.

In the approach to Sacramento, which we reached at noon time the same day, the eye, after gazing so long at all the varieties of a mountainous country, is charmed and rested by the meadows literally covered with wild flowers, the pretty farmhouses, fields of grain and fruit trees all in bloom. Our stay in Sacramento was short, as in a few hours we took the boat down the river to San Francisco; but in our walk through the city to the boat, we had frequent glimpses of wide, shaded streets, handsome houses and business blocks. The Sacramento river is muddy looking and the banks low until we approach the Bay, when the hills rise on each side, and at Benicia the river resembles some points on the Hudson.

We entered the Bay in the glory of a full moon, and saw the great city of the Pacific looming up on its high bluffs and stretching far along the shores. The shouts of the sailors as they made us fast to the dock, the rush up the plank of the cabmen with their polite and eager invitations for us to drive in their carriages, the large hotel coaches into which we climbed, the lighted, thronged streets through which we drove, the mammoth hotel which we entered, the gorgeous parlor into which we were shown, and the velvet sofa on which we at last reposed our weary limbs,—all *seemed* like New York and the "Fifth Avenue," but were of course San Francisco and the "Occidental."

The first objects I think which attracted our attention on the streets the next morning; were the large numbers of Chinese; their faces beardless and thin, their cues streaming a yard behind, their feet covered with wooden-soled slippers, and their costume a loose blouse and wide trowsers. The prejudice of the Californians against them is well known; but the more liberal minded speak in high terms of their superior merits as good laborers in house, field, workshop and factory, while a number possess considerable talent for conducting a large business themselves. Their signs are hung out on the principal business streets, WA-KE.—Intelligence Office; YUNG TUNG Imported TEAS. Over seven thousand were constantly employed on the Central Pacific at lower rates than were paid to other laborers. But in private houses as cooks, they receive the same wages as do our Irish and colored servants on this coast, $30 per month in gold.

After remaining in San Francisco long enough for a thorough rest, we took the steamer for Portland, a voyage of three days length, having made our journey from Omaha, with all our detentions, in thirteen days. The very many topics and points of interest I have failed to mention or even hint at, you can perhaps imagine. The discomforts were few, the pleasures innumerable; and such a journey must certainly be always one of the most prominent and pleasurable events of a life-time.

M. G. SAXTON.

WORK AND WIN.—Whatever you try to do in life, try with all your heart to do well; whatever you devote yourself to, devote yourself to completely; in great aims and small, be thoroughly in earnest. Never believe it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfilment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never put one hand to anything on which you can throw your whole self, never affect depreciation of your work, whatever it is. These you will find to be golden rules.

A CHILD ASLEEP.

BY AURORA LEIGH.

There he lay, upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered overmuch
To keep him from the light glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The Shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into,
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant! in the pretty baby mouth,
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender—to the little holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of it.

While we stood there dumb,
The light on his eyelids pricked them wide,
And staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence—gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for Heaven itself, with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there—never
Moved, but smiled on in a drowse of ecstacy,
So happy (half with her and half with Heaven)
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,
But smiled and lay there.

IS THERE A SPIRIT HOME?

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

Of all subjects of human interest, those which spring from the life of the soul take precedence. And of all benefactors of the human race, they are most universally revered who have helped to solve the problem of spiritual being that is stated in the questions, Whence? What? and Whither? In their own day they may have been called fools, dreamers, or insane, as were Mahomet or Swedenborg, or classed with malefactors and outlaws, as were Socrates and Jesus; but the question of ESSENCE ever brought mankind back to its fealty, and the martyrs of one age became the saints and redeemers of the next.

Spiritualism is the prophet of the nineteenth century, and, like Moses and Zoroaster, it works directly on the world-old problem. As its first effect is to free and individualize the mind, the questions which arise receive answers, not from one favored personage alone, but from thousands of minds more or less inspired. Hence, shades of difference, and even contradictions on vital points, appear, which may be owing to different degrees of insight, to individual idiosyncrasies, or to the lack of a mutual understanding of terms.

Has the spirit a future locality? is one of the questions concerning which there are these differences of opinion and testimony. As an instance, I venture to cite the following letter, addressed to my companion by a highly valued and intelligent correspondent, who possesses that spirit of inquiry indicative of the sincerest love of wisdom:

39 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD,
LONDON, ENGLAND, May 4th, 1869.

A. J. DAVIS—*Respected Brother:* I have read your *Stellar Key* and also the *Banner of Light*, No. 1. of the 20th of March, in which latter is the report of a discussion purporting to have taken place between a disembodied spirit (Father Henry Fitz James) and sundry embodied persons; in which the former tells them that "the notion that many teach of a distinct locality set apart for departed spirits *is entirely erroneous.* Do not believe," he is reported to have said, "that there is a locality set apart for departed spirits, *for there is not.*"

At page 159 of the *Stellar Key* are the following words: "The first Summer-Land *is found* to be revolving near the grand orbit of the Milky Way."

Probably you may be able, as I feel certain you will be willing, to enlighten myself and others, who are attached to the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy upon the cause of the above contradiction. Is it a distorted communication of the medium? or on what principle is it to be accounted for? The discussion alluded to appears extremely rational. Yours fraternally,

A. B. TIETKENS.

To ascertain whether the spirit has locality hereafter, we should inquire concerning its circumstances here; and on this point the reader will find a statement in the volume entitled, "Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions," of the Harmonial series. Commencing on page 57, the author says:

"The spirit of man is never out of the spirit-world. (By the 'spirit-world' we do not mean the Second Sphere, or Summer-Land). By the term 'spirit-world' is meant the 'silver lining to the clouds of matter' with which the mind of man is thickly enveloped. There is no space between the spirit of man and this immense universe of inner life. Man's spirit touches the material world solely by means of spiritualized matter, both within and without his body. Thus the five senses come in contact with matter: 1. The eyes by *light.* 2. The ears by *atmosphere.* 3. The tastes by *fluids.* 4. The smell by *odors.* 5. The touch by *vibration.* * * * By such conditions and attenuations of matter your spirit (yourself) comes in contact with the outward world. Interiorly you are already in the spirit-world. You feel, think, decide, and act as a resident of the inner life. Death removes the 'cloud of matter' from before your spiritual senses. Then you see, hear, taste, smell and touch, more palpably and intelligently, the facts and forces of the world in which, perhaps as a stranger, you have lived from the first moment of your individualized existence. It is not necessary to move an inch from your death-bed to obtain a consciousness of the spirit-world or inner life. Instantly you perceive *the life of things*, and the shape and situation of the things themselves are also visible in a new golden light. * * * The Summer-Land is a vast localized sphere within the universal spirit-world."

According to this view, the spirit-world, like the "universal ether" of which philosophers discourse, is not pent up in any locality, but surrounds and permeates all places, persons, and spheres. "We lie open, on one side, to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." Interiorly we exist in a boundless realm of essential being, and it is all accessible to us at every hour. What prevents us from being mingled with this infinite ocean to which all the attractions of the spirit tend? It is the material environment, by means of which we attain the boon of individual consciousness. Let that be stricken out, and there would follow what was sought by the Hindu philosophers, the absorption of the soul into Brahma, or the Universal Being. But "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and by virtue of these the spirit becomes an individualized entity, receptive of the tides of Infinite Being, but forever undivided and unabsorbed.

It is then localized to a certain extent in the body. Nor is this all. Nature, by slow gradations, age after age, carried on her process of evolution until the earth was fitted for the local habitation of this embodied spirit. When it leaves the external form, will the laws of Nature be suspended? It makes use of the natural body here; will it not hereafter need and make use of the spiritual body? Its locality now is fixed on a sphere, eliminated from an elemental orb, and balanced in boundless space. Is it unreasonable to infer that, emanating from rudimental worlds and balanced by them, a mighty sphere of perfected particles hangs in the immeasurable ether, to which the spirit, with its finer embodiment, involuntarily tends when released from earth?

The laws of Nature are invariable. If we come to a full understanding of their action here, we have a key to their operation in every section of the universal whole. Granted that the spirit is an eternal entity; if it has locality here it must have the same hereafter, else a natural law is subverted. In a recent lecture, Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "I remember when talking with one whose 'Rewards of the future' appeared to me fanciful, he said: 'It is not so in your experience, but it is so in the other world.' I was prompted to reply, 'Other world! Do you not know that the laws above are sisters of the laws below? Other world! There is no other world! Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact.'" In the sense which superstition gives to the term, there surely is no "other world"; that is, no world where the laws of Nature are abrogated. The impearled, gem-walled heaven of the Apocalypse exists only in Oriental imagery; and would we know what takes place in a future state, we must study the track of the Divine from our present lookout, for "Here or nowhere, is the whole fact."

It is a mistake to suppose that the "Stellar Key" teaches that there is "a locality *set apart* for departed spirits." Well may "Father Henry Fitz James" assert that there is no such arbitrary arrangement in the universe. To believe that there is a place "set apart" would be to accept the old theological dogma of a deity independent of law, like the reputed Lord of Joshua who caused the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon. The Stellar Key furnishes scientific and philosophical evidences that the "Summer-Land" is a substantial sphere, and is as natural and inevitable an outgrowth of the rudimental worlds, as the fruit of a tree is of its roots, trunk and branches. "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Paul, by a flash of insight perhaps discerned, in common with many modern seers, that the Divine Energy, named by scientists Force, and by religionists God, which appeared in the visible stellar universe, still noiselessly operated in the invisible realm, to fashion a celestial sphere within that starry labyrinth, fitted to be the dwelling place of immortals.

Amid all the mutations of time, there is deeply rooted in the human soul a love of the permanent. Ties that bind us to kindred and friends cannot be broken without pain; and the wandering exile sadly yearns for the familiar scenes and the restful security of some far-away hamlet which once had for him the sacred name of *home.* In all the "Dreams of Heaven" which have come to the sad heart of humanity during the ages of the world, a thought of home-welcome and changeless love has mingled like a precious benediction. And the new perception of the supernal which a fresh baptism of spiritual insight has given to mankind, changes those vague dreams to bright and beautiful certainties. The "evergreen mountains of life," the crystal streams that flow through the "city of God," the songs of praise and joy that float over the radiant hill tops of the "Better Land," the immortal love that links soul to soul and makes holy the atmosphere of "Heaven," these exist not alone in the imagination of the poet, but as beautiful realities that fill with blessedness and peace the eternal home of the spirit.—*Banner of Light.*

SMILING.

BY HARRIET HATHAWAY.

"SMILING, dear? how can you smile
With a heart so weary?
Does it rest one, tell me, love,
To be moping dreary?

"Hear the birds from out the mist
To their birdlings calling;
Do they never soar and sing
When the rain is falling?

"Flowers lift their pretty heads
In the gloomy weather,
Nodding in each other's faces
Cheerily, together.

"Smile we may—smile we can,
Though at heart we're weary:
It will rest—I know it, darling,—
Striving to be cheery."

June 7th. —*New Bedford Standard.*

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.—Ah, this beautiful world! I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and heaven itself lies not far off, and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and ofttimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

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LE CONSEILLER D'ETAT, Commissaire General, F. LE PLAY. | LE MINISTRE, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, CH. FOREADE.

REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE CONFERENCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

"IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERRUIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY. } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M. D., 696 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in a letter accompanying a remittance for THE STANDARD, writes as follows:

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